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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 132.—Vol. X. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, June 13, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

LADY CROMARTIE

One of the chief women landowners in the country, who has large estates in the county that bears her name, and is a peeress in her own right. Lady Cromartie is married to Major Blunt, R.H.A., and is more interested in literary than in sporting pursuits

No. 132.—Vol. X.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

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BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Land of Pardons." By A. Le Brag. (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"The Pocket Dickens. By A. H. Hyatt. (Chatto and Windus: 2*s.* net and 3*s.* net.)
"The Companions of Jehu." 2 vols. By A. Dumas. (Dent: 2*s.* 6*d.* net each.)
"The Whites and the Blues." 2 vols. By A. Dumas. (Dent: 2*s.* 6*d.* net each.)
"Traveller's Joy." Compiled by W. S. Walters. (E. Grant Richards: 4*s.* net.)
"Woman and the Motor-Car." By Mrs. Aria. (Sydney Appleton: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Songs to a Singer." By Rosa Newmarch. (Lane: 5*s.* net.)
"Louis Wain's Summer Book." (King: 1*s.*)
"Familiar Trees." Part I. By Prof. G. S. Boulger. (Cassell: 6*d.* net.)
"Butterflies and Moths of Europe." Part I. By W. F. Kirby. (Cassell: 7*d.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"The Wild Ruthvens." By Curtis Yorke. (Jarrold: 6*d.*)
"For Love and Ransom." By Esmé Stuart. (Jarrold: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"One of a Mob." By Nat Gould. (John Long: 6*d.*)
"The Polyphemes." By F. Hernaman Johnson. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"The Duke Decides." By Headon Hill. (Cassell: 6*d.*)
"My Japanese Prince." By A. C. Gunter. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"A Straight Goer." By Nat Gould. (John Long: 2*s.*)
"Paul Jerome." By Mrs. Mary Koch. (Greening: 6*s.*)

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TO

Continental Residents,

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
June 13, 1906

English butchers are promoting a handsome testimonial to Mr. Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," in recognition of his whole-hearted efforts to revive their trade.

* * *

In this connection, it may be mentioned that a cablegram sent to Messrs. Armour last week, asking them if they could meet the charges against them received the laconic reply, "Yes. We can meat."

* * *

The Poplar guardians, having apparently adopted the motto, "The best is good enough for us," are now engaged in proving that the best is the cheapest in the end.

* * *

The Sphinx Club has been formed for "the betterment of advertising." Is the choice of this name a piece of irony or humour? Silence and mystery are not usually distinguishing characteristics of the advertiser.

* * *

Welcome *John Bull*, you have made a good start. Your open letter to the King represents what all think, but few could have expressed in terms so affectionate, yet so dignified.

* * *

Recent revelations have paved the way for reforms of a sweeping order in the Chicago packing houses. But it is announced that nothing will be done contrary to the guiding principle of the pork packer—"We use everything of the hog except the squeal." Means are being devised to make up for the loss sustained by keeping prospecting rats out of the plant. Rodents formerly turned into food will for the future be used solely for the manufacture of various greases and soaps.

* * *

A gentleman, who was favoured with a very strange dream after a masonic banquet, went to Hurst Park to back anything and everything ridden by a jockey in purple and orange silk, with black corkscrew stripes.

"Oh, that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me"
(*The emotions of Jones on picking up his halfpenny paper* AFTER *he has eaten his breakfast*)

The name, Ascot Sunday, recalls the story of the two racing men who, stranded in a small country town on a Sunday, went to church for want of something to do. They were ill qualified to follow the service, but refused the assistance of a solemn-faced parishioner in the pew, and, picking up a prayer-book, resolved to find the place for themselves. For a long time they fumbled the leaves in vain. Then one whispered impatiently to his companion, "Hanged if I can find it. What Sunday is it, any way?" "Here give it to me. It's the Second Sunday after Ascot, yer fool."

* * *

We can well understand the jubilation of the editor of the *Occult Review* at the failure of any of his readers to notice the mistake he made in asserting in his May issue that the opposition of Uranus and Neptune recurs approximately after a lapse of 300 years. It is strange how this error went undetected. Everyone knows, of course, that the opposition of Uranus and Neptune occurs—well, that it does *not* occur after the lapse of 300 years.

* * *

The King of Spain has recently exhibited a fondness for reviews. But then His Majesty has never written a novel.

* * *

References to American assurance companies continue to appear in the papers. But, in spite of much that has been written, we have little doubt, judging from denials of the beef scandals, that American assurance is as robust as ever.

* * *

Recognising the divinity which doth hedge around a millionaire, American newspaper men proudly reported how John D. Rockefeller went about so freely on the *Deutschland* that passengers could see him, hear him, and actually touch him. This last touch is too much. John D. is not the man to risk his millions by playing poker on an Atlantic liner.

Fiction and Toast

(The Débutante takes tea with a literary lion)

The Husband in Literature

I'm surprised you've got thin hair. I always thought literary work made you bushy. I think Papa thought so too, because he's written to nearly all the papers about the Education Bill. But then he began too late in life, and it's rather mean to take up literature simply as a hair-restorer. Don't you think so?

Now I've got heaps of questions to ask you. I wrote a novel myself when I was at the convent, for the girls to read—dreadful trash, of course—and the nuns confiscated it. I made myself the heroine—under another name though—and married three of the loveliest and richest men you could imagine. Each one lived only three years, and I gave them three chapters each, and then made myself a philanthropist and a lady doctor. The first one was a Duke who won the Derby every year, the second was a nice American who never wanted to take me to New York — (we lived at Sunbury on a house-boat)—and the last was a great cricketer who wrote for the papers — like you. Well, they only lived three years, and died of heart disease or brain fever, leaving me all their money—almost an ideal career for a husband. In most novels they stop at the first wedding. Now if you would only put a footnote to your next, saying that "Verula Beauchamp lived an ideal existence with her husband at Monte Carlo for eighteen months, and six months later was a beautiful and interesting widow without encumbrances," all the girls I know would beg you to write a sequel.

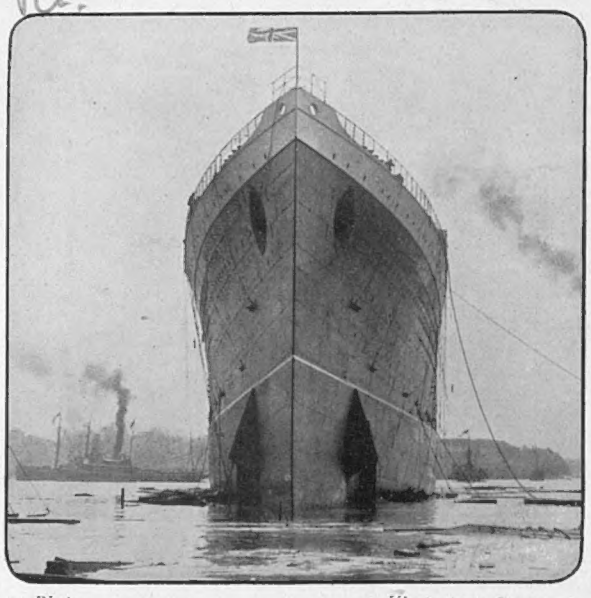


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Launching the "Lusitania"

The new Cunarder, *Lusitania*, launched at Clydebank on Thursday last, is the largest, longest, and fastest liner yet put on the waters. Her gross tonnage is 32,500, and her length 785 feet, and it is expected she will attain a speed of twenty-five knots, thus exceeding in size and speed all competitors of all nationalities

You novelists never understand us—or, rather, you don't understand our motives. It is impossible to conduct a romance with a bachelor, because men are always straightforward until they are married. A girl selects a husband in a very matter-of-fact manner. He must be a nice *clean* man—it does not matter about his hair so long as his skin is pink—he must have a nice surname and well-dressed sisters, oh, and a motor-car. Money does not matter much. Of course, it's different if Mamma does the selecting, but that is rarely the case nowadays, I assure you. Love has nothing to do with it—on the man's side. He's too keen on iced asparagus to spare any devotion for an inedible Venus.

Some Fallacies of Fiction

Why do you always begin at the christening and stop at the wedding? I should have thought a novelist would have known much more about the period which begins with the wedding and ends with the divorce. You would get the conventional happy ending that way. And I notice that when two men want to marry the same girl, you pack the unsuccessful one off to India, presumably to get him as approximate an atmosphere as possible. It's so cynical. But matrimony has its own climate. A girl friend of mine went to the French Riviera for her honeymoon, and came back with influenza.

You still think that there is a woman at the bottom of every trouble. It is so wrong. Men live among men this century. That is why ladies' clubs are so popular. No, when a man is in trouble, *cherchez le cheval*, or his tailor, or doctor, never *la femme*, whom he shuns on all possible occasions. Yes, I know you like to talk to me, but only as a doctor likes to talk to a pretty patient. But if you were to put me in a book, no one would believe that I existed. You would get all the credit for the creation of this *très naïve* character, instead of my grandmother on my mother's side. Papa says she was the rudest woman of the crinoline era, and that she insulted him on his wedding morning. I wonder if I shall insult my son-in-law, if any? Whenever Mamma brings along what she calls "an eligible," I ask her how she would like to be a grandmamma. It's utterly effective, because she is only thirty-nine. Gingerbread is supposed to be wholesome, isn't it? Try one of those snub-nosed buns.

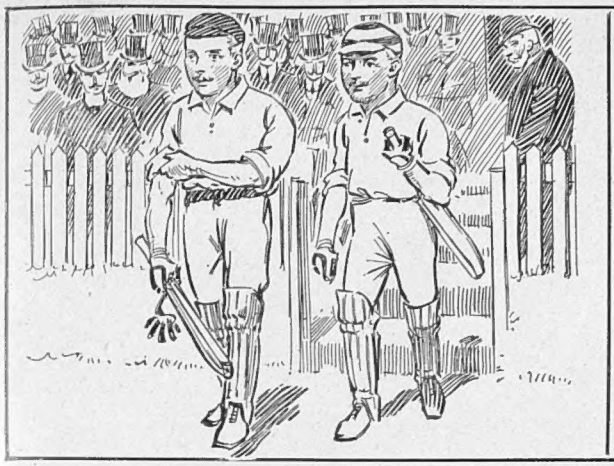
B. M. H.

The Times predicts the failure of our supply of iron ore. But what of it. Boys will be boys, and, we suppose, ore will be o'er.

* * *

"The Madrid Outrage and Its Moral" is an item on the poster of last week's *Public Opinion*. Really, a staid journal like our contemporary ought to be above making puns of this kind on its posters.

The Topictator



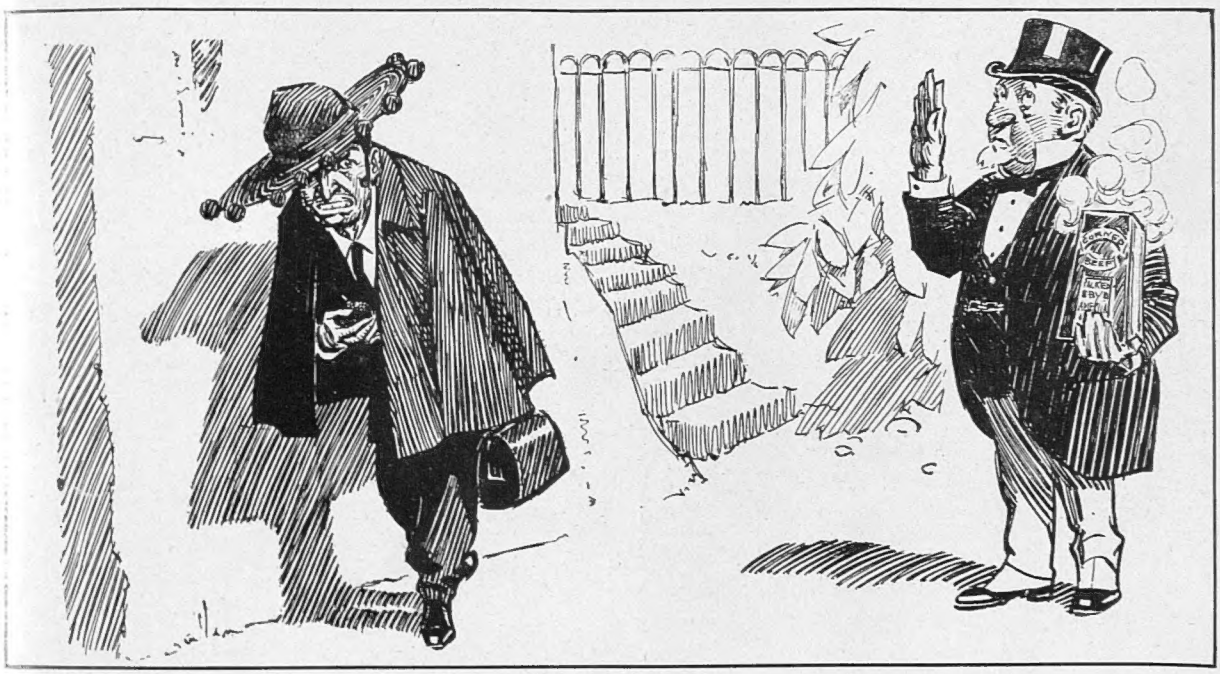
Royal Cricketers

We learn that both Prince Edward and Prince Albert of Wales bid fair to develop into first-class batsmen. Gifted as we are with the prophetic eye, we foresee their Royal Highnesses opening the batting for England against Australia a decade hence

Not for Use

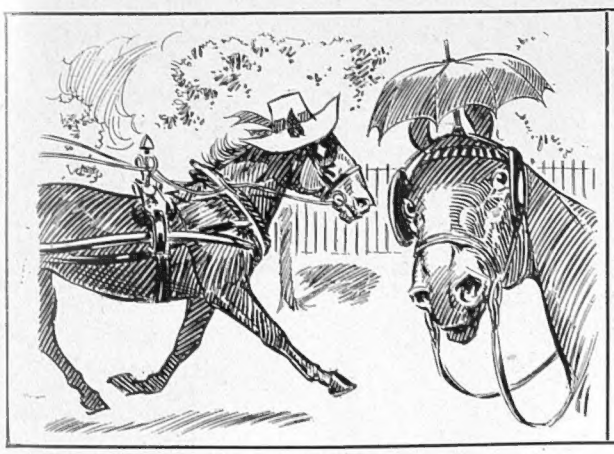
FIRST OFFICER: "Paper here says en'orcin' more stringent reg'lations regardin' eyesight test prob'ly involve disappearance of th' monocle 's a military adjunct"

SECOND OFFICER: "Q'aint ideah—don't see the connexion—feller give any reason for his belief?"



Pot and Kettle

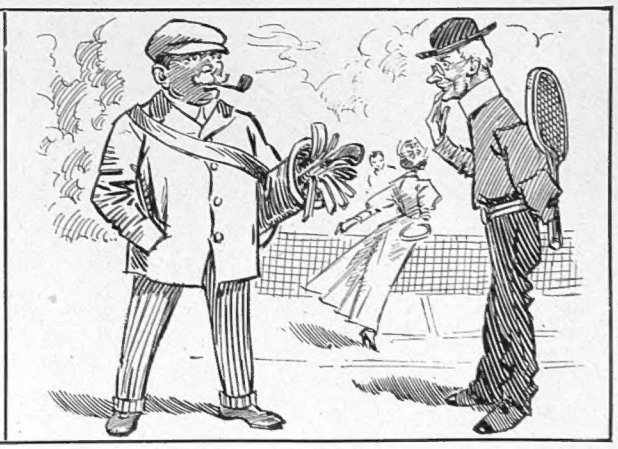
THE "CAN-MAN" (OR BEEF KING): "B'gosh! What a turrable person. We ain't safe with such chaps about"



Beyond the Pale

(The French League for the Defence of Animals has produced a parasol for horses)

"Dear me, I really can't afford to recognise Mrs. Smiler in that old-fashioned sun-bonnet"



We Gather

That tennis is only fit for "pale young curates," and golf only for those who are too slack for tennis

THE REV. ROBERT SPALDING: "D'you know—I'm going to take to golf—I find tennis rather too much for me"

RACING NOTIONS

PROSPECTS OF THE ASCOT MEETING. BY "CARBINE"

The Royal Meeting

The multitudinous holiday meetings are past and well-nigh forgotten in the hurry and bustle of the racing world. Bachelor's Button, as foreshadowed in these pages last week, has won the Manchester Cup in splendid style. And in France, Spearmint, the winner of our own Derby, has added to his laurels and won the Grand Prix. Now all is busy preparation for Ascot, which, from the social standpoint, is immeasurably the most important meeting of the year. Apart from the classics, there is nothing which the average owner is so keenly desirous of winning as a good race at Ascot.

The Cream of Racing

It has been said that Ascot is not the meeting for the small owner, and though there is no real reason why this should be so, the fact remains that the majority of the races on the Berkshire Heath are contested by horses belonging to the best and most influential men on the Turf. In four days at Ascot there is more money to be won in stakes than is sometimes raced for elsewhere in as many weeks. In a word, it is the very cream of racing.

Ascot Stakes

A start will have been made with the Royal Meeting almost as soon as the next issue of THE BYSTANDER reaches its readers, and so the prospects of the first day's racing must be discussed now. During the past few days, the weights for the Ascot Stakes on Tuesday and for the Royal Hunt Cup on the following day have been published. For the former, acceptances had not been announced when this was written, but the handicap strikes me as a good one, and few reasonable complaints can be made of the weights. Everything is turning up for Major Loder just now, but he can scarcely win this race with the top-weight, Hammerkop, unless she improves marvellously upon her running at York.

What Will Win?

I cannot fancy Donnetta over this long course, but Challenger, who is such an improved horse, will probably run prominently. I do not propose, however, to run through the whole handicap. Suffice it to say that I consider the best chance to be held by **Feather Bed.** You will remember how well he won the Chester Cup under 6st. 9lb. He is required now to carry an additional 8lb., and I do not think that will stop him. His most formidable opponent should be Torpoint, who meets him on 7lb. better terms than at Chester, while of the others I prefer Spate, who ran like a good colt against Gold Rioch on Whit-Monday.

A Gift from the King

Although no great value attaches to the Gold Vase—also to be contested on the first day of the meeting—there is always much anxiety to win it, because the trophy is the gift of His Majesty the King. But entries are kept within tolerably small limits, owing to the course being two miles, and there are comparatively few horses of real class who are trained to compass that distance nowadays. Last year Bachelor's Button won a great race against Mark Time, with Hammerkop. All three are engaged this time, and additional interest is imparted to the race by the presence of Picton and Radium—second and fourth in the Derby—and Achilles, who beat Bachelor's Button so sensationally a few weeks ago.

Bachelor's Button's Prospects of a Third Victory

Will this horse set up a remarkable record by winning for Mr. S. B. Joel his third Gold Vase? On the form he displayed in the Manchester Cup last week, this grand performer is as good as ever he was; but his weight will be tremendous—10st. 4lb.—and I question whether he can give the poundage to the three-year-olds. My selection, therefore, is **Picton.**

An Interesting Two-Year-Old Race

Some of our choicest two-year-olds will, as usual, be seen in the Coventry Stakes on Tuesday. The King will probably run his Epsom winner, Victoria, and it is stated that M. Edmond Blanc proposes sending Vichy from France. I saw this youngster during a recent visit to M. Blanc's magnificent stables at St. Cloud, and I found him a great strapping colt, with every appearance of racing. Mr. A. P. Cunliffe will run Silver Heeled, who was very close to Victoria at Epsom, and Mr. Ernest Dresden intends to start Saxham, who I know is a "smasher" if only he runs straight. Then Capt. Greer has Slieve Gallion, whom many consider the best two-year-old seen out so far, and from the same stable can be started the unbeaten French filly, Ile de France III. Lord Rosebery's Traquair, winner of the Woodcote Stakes, and Mr. Hall Walker's undefeated Polar Star, will also be among the competitors. Undoubtedly, this will be one of the most interesting races of the meeting, and I think it will be won by the best of the Beckhampton stable—**Slieve Gallion** or **Ile de France III.**

A Suggestion for the Hunt Cup

The programmes of the three remaining days can be dealt with next week, but I may express the opinion that **Gold Rioch** and **Dean Swift** are worthy of support for the Royal Hunt Cup.

Spearmint Winning the Grand Prix

DERBY WINNER'S REMARKABLE DOUBLE VICTORY

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Passing the winning post at Longchamps

Major Loder's famous colt, the Derby winner, carries off the double event, and wins the race of the year in Paris by half a length, being followed by Brisecœur and Storm

The Winner of the Manchester Cup

Bachelor's Button being led into the weighing room after winning the Manchester Cup

Mr. S. B. Joel's chestnut has previously won two Liverpool Cups, two Ascot Gold Vases, the Hardwicke Stakes, Champion Stakes, and Doncaster Cup. His victory is another triumph for Maher, who rode Spearmint to glory in the Derby

ROUND THE TOWN

Royal Hard Labour

The King and Queen, who to-day journey down to Midhurst to open formally the King Edward VII. Sanatorium, look quite surprisingly fit and well; but the Prince of Wales, who has now returned from Spain, seems to find it difficult to conceal his weariness and boredom with things in general. It would hardly be surprising if he is sick unto death of travels and pageants and functions, especially after the nerve-destroying episodes of the Madrid Wedding, and it is said that he is not particularly looking forward to setting forth again this week on what will be, for a time at any rate, the last of his travels—the mission to Norway. His presence, with the Princess, at the Norwegian Coronation will, of course, prevent them from holding the usual party at Frogmore House for the Ascot races, of which Windsor is the great centre, and there will also be no party at Bagshot Park, owing to the death of the Duchess of Connaught's mother.

* * *

The Courts

In such deep mourning is Her Majesty the Queen that at the two Courts, held on successive Fridays, her gown, of the dullest lace and gossamer, was unrelieved even by diamonds, only a few of these latter appearing in her tiara of pearls. Her only "ornaments," as the Court chroniclers call them, were pearls, and her Orders were those of the Garter, the Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, and the Danish Family Order. "Females" (I hasten to explain that this is a quotation from my esteemed contemporary *Truth*), "with adequate ideas as to propriety and good taste, wore garments in keeping." After which edict all one can say is that apparently many great ladies whom one had thought the soul of both propriety and good taste (especially the former!) had evidently found themselves unable to live up to *Truth's* standard of propriety, for several of them were radiantly conspicuous in the most brilliant of colours.

* * *

The Glorious "Fourth"

I have attended in my time many a Fourth of June, and though all have been more or less pleasing, this year's surpassed them all. The blue sky, the river banks golden with buttercups and sunshine, the ancient silver stream alive with boys in boats, the old castle misty and mysterious and theatrical against the cloudless June sky, the sense of youth and strength and hope—one could ask no more of the Olympian gods! The more than kind elements, indeed, even succeeded in smoothing the furrows on the small boys' brows caused by the carking care their parents' and sisters' dress and deportment had planted in their small breasts. For, motor-veils and motor-wrappings once discarded, sisters and cousins and even mothers stood revealed a vision of beauty, some of the former pretty enough to satisfy even the fastidious Etonian's "Fourth of June" demands.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The "Head" (Canon Lyttelton) delivering his address on the "Fourth" at Eton

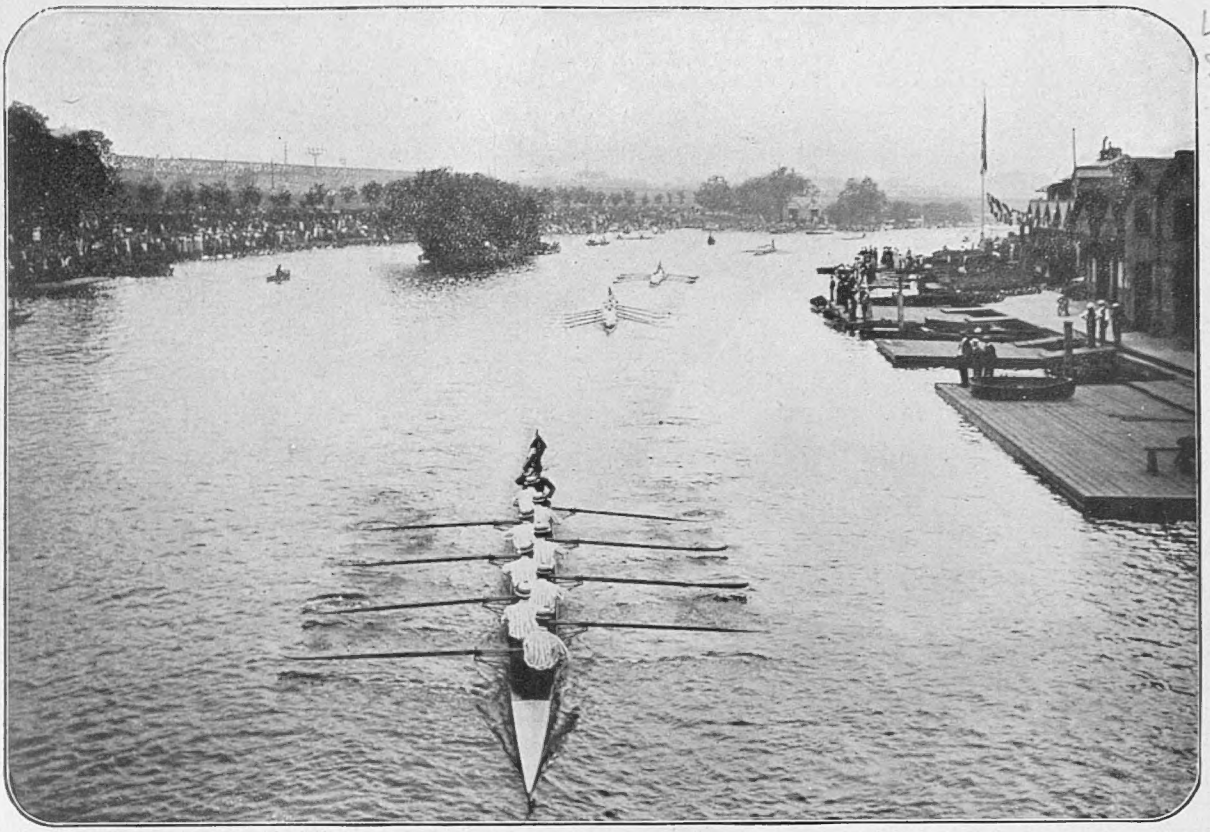
The usual formalities of speeches, and a Greek play, occupied the forenoon on the "Fourth," but the afternoon was given over to outdoor sports, on the river and lawns, ending with supper and fireworks

A Day of Crowded Life

This awful anxiety once removed, however, young Eton throws himself with perspiring vigour into the business of the day. Heroically top-hatted, and wearing a rainbow-hued button-hole the size of a prize cabbage, he drags his unduly admiring family to the speeches; the cricket, where, this year, the "Head"—the keenest of cricketers—was an earnest and bronzed spectator; the chapel—but this, alas! not often; last week, indeed, of all the merry crowd only about thirty people attended service in the beautiful old chapel to hear Eton's choir chant, as only boys can chant, the anthem "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever"; then lunch at Layton's or "my tutor's"; then the boats, at which sisters and cousins are expected to wax positively hysterical with admiration of the heroic eights; then tea, at which the quantity of "strawberry mess" the Etonian consumes really makes one feel rather alarmed; and then sometimes, just for the fun of it, he inveigles a nervous and portly mamma into the slimmest of slim whiff-gigs, and sculls her wildly below locks. Then at the end of this glorious day of crowded life, when the *Victory* and the *Dreadnought*, the *Thetis*, the *Hibernia*, and the *Defiance* nave floated home, there are still fireworks off Fellow's Eyot in the evening, and afterwards, the race for the motors, the re-veiling of the pretty sisters and the much prettier cousins, and Eton retires to a joyous dream of the morrow's common round.

The "Fourth" at Eton

SCENES ON RIVER AND LAWNS



The Boats

The procession of the boats took place in the evening after the cricket match, and is one of the spectacular delights of the "Fourth." Starting from the Brocas, the boats proceeded up stream to Clewer, where they turned and descended in long line through the lock to Albert Bridge, and then home. Above, in the foreground, is seen the *Britannia*

Scene on the lawns

The cricket matches between two teams from New College, Oxford, and two of Eton, were a great attraction of the "Fourth" and the lawns th oughout the afternoon were brilliant with the summer frocks of "one's people"

Bishops on Parade in London

A Beardless Lord Peel

One of the greatest of great old Etonians—Lord Peel—was lunching at the Provost's table on the "Fourth" with a party which included his daughter, Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, Mr. and Mrs. St. John Brodrick, Lord and Lady Desborough, whose son, young William Grenfell, distinguished himself greatly at Speeches, and Mr. Max Beerbohm. Lord Peel, who, as Speaker of the House during the splendid days of the Home Rule debates, is already almost an historic character, startled everybody at Eton by appearing *minus* that fierce red beard of his, which invested his presence with such strange dignity. He was, furthermore, attired with a charming disregard for conventionality, both in the matter of boots (which were unbuttoned) and clothes (which disdained to touch anywhere in particular). He made a speech full of an exquisite grace and breeding, which it would be good if some of our younger school of politicians would endeavour to emulate.

* * *

When the Birrell Drives

The spectacle of frocked, gaitered, and top-hatted prelates parading the London streets in the centre of a political demonstration against the Education Bill last week, struck many observers as not a little incongruous, and not a little painful. But needs must when the—er—Birrell drives, and in these democratic days, Bishops, like the rest of politically persecuted flesh, must adopt popular methods if they would make themselves heard. To sit and sulk in the sanctuary is quite a futile defence against the minions of the Black Pope in Bayswater—to wit, "Dr." Clifford—and for my part, when I see prancing prelates leading a procession round London, I, with all due solemnity, beg to exclaim, "Go it!"

* * *

Queen Ena's First Bull-Fight

One man's sport is another man's pain. The English race has never concealed its aversion for the Spanish bull-fight. So it came about that one of the most gorgeous entertainments in the "week of joy" should be for the English-born Queen, in whose honour it was held, a trying ordeal. She went through with it like the brave little girl she has proved herself to be. It is easy to imagine that an episode—a savage charge by the bull upon a horse, killing it upon the spot—which caused Princess Henry to avert her head—was viewed by the young Queen with feelings of equal distaste, but with the eyes of Spain upon her she did not permit herself to flinch. English travellers in Spain seldom return without witnessing the great national sport, but the majority of them confess that it is an ordeal which they would not willingly go through a second time. A curious illustration of English feeling upon the subject was witnessed at a variety theatre some months since. One of the items upon the Bioscope was a series of most exciting incidents in a bull-fight. So realistic was the exhibition, that the audience gave vent to their feelings by hissing, and the management afterwards withdrew the item from their programme.

Photo] **Bishops anti-Birrelling in London** [*Park*

The procession of Lancashire men protesting against the Education Bill leaving Regent's Park on Friday for the Albert Hall, where 10,000 people joined in protests against "confiscation" of Church Schools. In the front of the procession are walking, side by side, the Bishop of Manchester (left) and the Bishop of London (right), followed by other prelates

Queen Victoria's First Bull-Fight

The Queen-Mother, the Queen, and King Alfonso in the Royal Box

At the fight, all eyes were concentrated not so much on the picadors and their bovine antagonists as on the countenance of the young Queen (in the centre of the right hand group above), to see how she would endure the ordeal. To the surprise and pleasure of the 15,000 odd spectators, however, Queen Victoria did not wince, and is, therefore, now more universally adored than ever in Spain

Photos (Stereograph) **The crowning moment of the fight** *[Underwood and Underwood*

The fight itself was exciting, and above Machaquito is seen dashing at full gallop to spear the already much-wounded bull. His prey killed, the Queen loudly applauded, threw presents, and drove home none the worse—it is said—for the horrible test of her courage

Earl's Son and "The Retail"

Lord Haddo's Engagement

Lord Haddo's engagement to Mrs. Cockayne, widow of one of the partners in the Sheffield firm of Cockayne, drapers and house furnishers, is rather interesting, as it adds yet another to the long list of young men who have married women very much their senior in age, and, also, because it proves that sons *do*, sometimes, profit by early example and training, for by marrying into the drapery trade, especially what is known, I believe, as "The Retail," Lord Haddo is only carrying into practice his mother's (Lady Aberdeen) well-known democratic principles. Certainly, the Irish Court this year has smacked but little of democracy, but then, as everyone knows, there were political prejudices to be got over, and magnificence was the "get-over" chosen. It will be remembered that Lord Haddo, who, by the way, was at Balliol with the man who will shortly be his stepson, got rather badly beaten at the recent election, when he put up as Liberal candidate for the Wokingham Division of Bucks, but this reverse was quickly solaced by his appointment as A.D.C. to his father in Dublin, and this again has been quite soon followed by his engagement to a lady with "pots of money," as they are saying in dear, dirty Dublin.

Miss Rhona Adair

The Irish lady golfer, who won the English and Irish Championship, and has also achieved triumphs in America. She is now engaged to Captain Cuthell

Another Irish engagement is that of Miss Rhona Adair, the Irish lady golf champion, daughter of Mr. Hugh Adair, J.P., of Glenavon, Co. Tyrone, and Captain Cuthell, P.W.O., West Yorks, the only son of Colonel Cuthell, late 13th Hussars, of Frensham Grove, Farnham.

* * *

The Ubiquitous Camera

Next in depth to the boredom one inflicts on friends on returning from one's travels laden with souvenirs in the way of photographs taken by oneself

Photo *Thomson*

Mrs. Cockayne

Photo *Lafayette*

Lord Haddo

Whose engagement has excited much interest owing to the fact that the bride is the widow of one of the partners in a large Sheffield drapery house and is very wealthy, while Lord Haddo is the son of the Earl of Aberdeen, the Irish Viceroy, to whom he is A.D.C.

The Lord Mayor in Milan

Photo] **The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in Milan** *[Topical Agency*

Among the recent visitors to Italy were London's Chief Magistrate (The Right Hon. W. Vaughan Morgan) and the Lady Mayoress (his niece, Mrs. Hornby Steer), whose quaint civic costume, worn while he was on his way to pay an official visit, attracted much attention, and appeared to cause his lordship himself some amusement, in a quiet way

on which one invariably insists on descanting on in detail, is the intense pleasure the possession of such records gives one. To travel without a camera, as an over-enthusiastic amateur remarked to me the other day on Cookham Lock, where he was annoying the populace and several pretty but dishevelled lady punters by snapshotting them, is as bad as travelling without one's toothbrush. You miss just half the enjoyment, for you have no record of memories which, without the aid of the camera, must inevitably fade with time, and you miss the exquisite and subtle delight of taking records of your friends at just those moments of their lives in which they would rather not have themselves handed down to a grinning posterity.

Her Majesty the Queen has been in the vanguard of fashion in this respect (I do not mean in taking her friends at awkward moments, but in the fascinating art of photography), and she has taken some highly interesting pictures of the King and other Royalties, which, of course, no Press or other photographer would have had opportunities of taking. In this number we have been able to reproduce several enlargements of snapshots taken by Her Majesty on board the *Victoria and Albert*, as well as enlargements of photographs taken by other amateur photographers well known in Society.

* * *

The Lord Mayor

The personality and costume of the "lor maire" of London has a perennial interest for foreigners of all breeds; consequently, the official visit of the Chief Magistrate (The Right Hon. W. Vaughan Morgan) and the Lady Mayoress to Milan was quite an event in the Lombard capital. The delighted salutations by the Milanese of the civic magnate, in his robes of office, seemed to cause great amusement to that potentate himself, as will be seen in our photograph.

* * *

The Opening of Phyllis Court Club

Phyllis Court is perfectly charming. The old house has been decorated and beautified almost out of knowledge, and with perfect taste, and the grounds already look as they have not done for a good many years, well cared for and well-stocked. The club was opened to its members on the Saturday before Whitsun, but the secretary tells me that it has been decided to keep the list of original members open until the 25th of this month, so anyone who wants a delightful *pied-à-terre* on one of the most beautiful spots of Southern England, with the added satisfaction of very comfortable quarters, a first-rate cuisine, and those lovely grounds to watch the regatta from, should hurry up and see if he can't get elected. I understand that after the 25th the subscription is to be raised, and an entrance fee imposed. By the way, the club rooms include a first-rate billiard room, card room, ball room, and lounges, not to speak of camps and tents, and tennis lawns in the grounds, and different bands have been engaged to play every Saturday and Sunday during the summer.

The River Season and Ascot Week

Social Infants

I am asked by several babies of more or less importance in the "great" world to protest against the unwonted and unwished-for publicity which is being thrust upon them by the "Society" paragraphists of the papers. I am told that it is impossible to cut a tooth, come out in a rash, hit one's nurse one in the eye, or dash one's feeding-bottle out of one's pram, without the fact being recorded in the newspapers, and they (the babies) are just about sick of it. They tell me they are quite ready and willing to feed with "copy" the voracious maw of these people when they are, say, turned three, at which time they make their débuts in the social world (provided they are pretty, picturesque, or even "weird"-looking,) as pages of bridesmaids, as the case may be; but, meanwhile, they just *beg* to be left in peace with nurse.

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The Motor and the River

The presence of the Court at Windsor, somehow, always seems to enhance the social side of the river, and the Fourth of June at Eton brings many people to houses in the neighbourhood for the whole week. On Whit-Sunday—probably in the hope that the King might go through Boulter's, either on a Windsor launch, or, as he has several times done, on Lord Desborough's electric launch—the whole of the beautiful reach between Boulter's Lock and Cookham was alive with the smartest of electric launches, punts, and a sprinkling of motor-boats, while the awful and ubiquitous excursion steamer seemed only conspicuous by its absence. The river just now is in the very zenith of its beauty, and seems, so far as fashion is concerned, to be regaining the supremacy it has rather lost during the last few years. All the big houses, with the exception of Cliveden, were tenanted, and, for Whitsun week, big house-parties had assembled at every place within motoring or driving distance of the river. This return to fashion's favour is, without doubt, attributed to the motor. Nowadays, it is no trouble, but only a pleasure, to motor down to Maidenhead or Windsor, or even further, to Henley and Pangbourne; whereas, the fatigue of getting up early to catch a crowded train at Paddington, the drive from the station to the river, and the subsequent return journey, made a day on the river, before the days of motors, a doubtful and exceedingly fatiguing pleasure. Ascot Sunday, when the King is again at Windsor, is, of course, the day of days on the river, and, so great is the crush at Boulter's on this day, that the King, if he decides to go up stream to Henley or Sonning, invariably motors over to Taplow Court, Lord Desborough's house, and proceeds from there, thus avoiding the really awful publicity of the famous and very trying lock. By the way, it would appear that some well-known owners of fast-driven motor and electric launches have been very severely reprimanded by, I suppose, the Thames Conservancy authorities, for although last year they treated with disdain the dismayed and drenched owners of punts their desperate driving had all but submerged, this year they are as quiet as mice, and are going very delicately indeed.

Photo H. Walter Barnett

Lady Alice Stanley

Wife of Lord Stanley, the late Postmaster-General, who is giving an Ascot party for the Meeting next week

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For Ascot

One of the nicest parties for Ascot will be held by Lady Alice Stanley, youngest daughter of the mistress of Devonshire House and of the seventh Duke of Manchester. Lady Alice Stanley, whose marriage to Lord Derby's heir took place some six or seven years ago, and whose race parties at Coworth Park, near Sunningdale, are an annual and much-appreciated event, holds the post of Bed-chamber Woman to Her Majesty the Queen, and, like her mother, is very keen on racing, and seldom misses a big meeting. Lord Stanley was the Postmaster-General in the late Government, whose attack on postal "blackmailers" lost him his seat in Lancashire at the General Election. Talking of Her Grace of Devonshire, it is, perhaps, not generally known that Lismore Castle, Co. Waterford, where the Duke and Duchess have been staying, is of the greatest historic interest, as it is built on the spot where Alfred the Great of England was educated. The original college and abbey was burned and plundered and besieged times without number; and of all the old pile only one thing remains — a window, which is now in the Duke of Devonshire's ballroom. The present castle is of modern construction, as it was built by the then Duke in 1814.

Other people who have parties for Ascot include the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, who are giving a ball at Grosvenor House on the 29th; Lady Leconfield, who has taken Down Place, Colonel Harford's lovely Thames-side house between Clewer and Bray; Mr. and Lady Emily van der Weyer, who are at New Lodge, Windsor; Lord and Lady Desborough, who have Lord and Lady Londonderry staying with them for the week at Taplow Court; and, in fact, everyone who has a house within motoring or driving distance of Ascot.

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The Way to Entertain

I think, in the art of entertaining as well as in the gentle art of catching peers, the palm must certainly be conceded to Americans. In most cases, of course, it simply means that they are able and willing to spend more money on their entertainments than the English hostess; but, anyway, the presence of the

The Season Up the River

POPULARITY OF THE MOTOR LAUNCH

The Thames, this season, is more popular than ever, and is now, of course, at the zenith of its social glory. One of the reasons for the "boom" is doubtless the facility with which the river can be reached, thanks to the motor, and the luxury in which it can be enjoyed, thanks to the motor launch, which is certainly, nowadays, the prevailing taste in river locomotion

Débutantes in London and Dublin

Photo *Thomson*

Lady Letty Manners

The second daughter of the Marquess of Granby, presented at a recent Court, whose name, formally, is Lady Violet Manners, and who is now in her nineteenth year

American hostess in the social world of London at the present moment is, from the English would-be-good hostess's point of view, an adverse element which ought to be coped with if she does not want to be left far behind in the race for popularity. It would be interesting to know what is the matter with their own country, and why they prefer to spend their money in London rather than in New York, but that, I suppose, is neither here nor there, and, anyway, in the art of bringing the right people together, and keeping them amused when she has got them, the American hostess, without doubt, excels.

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Bachelors All and Some Débutantes

For instance, at a party given some little time ago by an American, Mrs. Leggett, at the beautiful house in Bruton Street she bought from Lady de Grey some years ago, all the men were bachelors — some "confirmed," some not — and all, or nearly all, the women were girls, and pretty ones at that. Was there ever such a nice dinner list? The alleged "confirmed" bachelors consisted of General Baden-Powell, Sir Bruce Hamilton, and Lord Cathcart, all three verging round about their "jubilee" birthdays, so perhaps they will not be very cross with me for stigmatising them as "confirmed" bachelors. The "unconfirmed" included Lord Duncannon, who was the juvenile man of the party, being only twenty-six; Lord Fairfax, the owner of so many thousand acres of land in beautiful Virginia; Sir Foster Cunliffe, who is a bit of a scholar; and Sir Philip Burne-Jones, artist and *littérateur*. The feminine side of this delightful party included two of the season's *débutantes*, Lady Letty Manners and Miss Kate Lee Harman, an American (not of the Gibson type, thank Heaven!), who was presented at the second Court by Lady Moncrieffe, under whose social wing she is making her début; Miss Sidney Hart-Dyke, Miss Leila Paget, Miss Viola Tree, and, as chaperons, Mrs. Henry Sturgiss and Lady Inchiquin. The party was originally arranged for yet another *débutante*, Miss Dorothea Moore, the niece of Mr. Leverton Harris, late Conservative Member for Tynemouth, but a sudden family bereavement necessitated Mrs. Harris handing over her guests to Mrs. Leggett.

Lord Cathcart, who only succeeded his father a few months ago, is by habit known still as Lord Greenock, and is one of those funny people who think London the one place to live in, and he is very seldom seen away from it. He is the eldest of a large family of brothers and sisters, and was at one time in the Scots Guards.

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Chewing Gum

Le grand chic, over in gay Paree, is perpetrating a fresh horror; and, as all Paris fashions are alleged to find their way to England when they have been done to death there, I suppose it will come to us in due time. The horror in question is the craze for chewing gum which has seized upon the French Society woman. A Frenchwoman's mouth, like her

Photo *Lafayette*

Lady Cynthia Crewe Milnes

One of the twin daughters, by his first marriage, of the Earl of Crewe. Lady Cynthia was presented at the recent Court in Dublin, where her father was once Viceroy, under the chaperonage of her step-mother, once Lady Peggy Primrose

MEANT OTHERWISE

MRS. FUSSINGLY-GUSHINGTON: "And you will be *sure* and come to us on Thursday, Mr. Fitznoodle. I promise you shall meet *quite* a number of interesting people, and, oh, *lots* of pretty women"

MR. FITZNOODLE (*gallantly*): "But, my fair charmer, what do I care about the interesting people and pretty women when I can see *you*!" (*After which, on thinking it over, Fitznoodle realised that he might have expressed himself differently*)

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

New Members of the R.Y.S.

complexion, is by no means her strong point, and what it must be like engaged in slowly masticating gum is best left to the imagination! The gospel that Frenchwomen have such perfect taste often seems to me open to considerable question, and no one can say that the chewing of gum argues perfect taste. Frenchwomen know what suits them, and they know how to put on their clothes when they have them, and to know what suits a complexion of unredeemed primrose hue, and limbs out of all proportion to their bodies, certainly *does* argue good taste, but, beyond that, their so widely admired good taste is by no means so evident as it might be. If Englishwomen only knew it, they look much better in a frock or hat made in England, with, of course, just a *soupçon* of the best features of French taste, than they do in a frock labelled unredeemed Paris. But that, unfortunately, is what our modistically modest countrywoman does *not* know.

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Yachting Recruits

No new attractions in the way of ballooning, or even motoring, seem to affect the popularity of yachting. The Royal Yacht Squadron has elected, not only King Alfonso, but also the new King of Norway, the Duke of Westminster (the latest recruit to yachting, but who is now, for a wonder, in Town, and devoting a good deal of time to polo down at Ranelagh and Hurlingham), Mr. Walter Guinness, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Lieut.-Colonel A. Hickman Morgan, and Lord Harewood, to be members; and apropos of yachts and yachting, I hear that the pianola Sir Thomas Lipton presented to Queen Victoria of Spain for a wedding present was, as one would expect, from a man of his taste, quite exceptional in tone and quality. Another new member of the R.Y.S., who is very well known in London and Cowes Society, is the Prince Batthyany-Strattmann, who, with the Princess, his very brilliant and vivacious wife, will be at Claridge's for the season, and will, of course, go to Cowes for the Regatta.

Photo *Kirk and Sons*

Prince Batthyany-Strattmann

An Austro-Hungarian nobleman, who, with the Princess, is taking a keen interest in the forthcoming Cowes Regatta. He is a new member of the R.Y.S., which has recently elected King Alfonso, the King of Norway, and the Duke of Westminster as new members

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Beauties of the Old Régime

It is not easy in the Bond Street of to-day to recapture the vivid gaiety and grace of the eighteenth-century French Court, but you will find Messrs. Duveen's Galleries manage to convey something of the charming illusion. From their walls just now glance down a dozen—

> Courtiers as butterflies bright,
> Beauties that Fragonard drew;

and there, too, are many pleasing examples of the artful art of Largillière, Dronais, Greuze, the brilliant François Boucher, with Watteau and his two pupils, Pater and Lancret, the hardly fully appreciated Carl Van Loo, Nattier, and Madame Lebrun. Thus the whole series of graceful painters of distinguished people and *fêtes champêtres* is completed. From the gifted and original artist of "L'Embarquement pour Cythère" to Fragonard, the last dazzling master of the line, we have interesting examples of all.

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Some Fine French Portraits

Dronais's portrait of the famous niece of Voltaire, the Comtesse de Dompierre D'Hornoy de Fontaines, is one of his most characteristic paintings, full of life and feeling, and beautiful in the arrangement and execution. Largillière's "Mademoiselle Annette de Grivel" is an admirable example of the richness and grace of the period, when the sitter appeared sometimes just a little subordinate to the charms of her sapphires and pearls or the grace of her cloak and powdered hair.

But in the famous "Jeune Femme couchée sur un lit de repos" of Boucher, date 1739, the figure is instinct with life, and the beautiful colouring of the surroundings remain a background to the portrait of a personality. These are but three out of thirty, all worth seeing, and each and all with histories that reach back to the Rothan collection, or the galleries of de Monchy, de Rothschild, or Bousson de la Barre.

* * *

Lady Cromartie

Lady Cromartie is one of the lucky people of this world. Being one of the largest women landowners in the kingdom, and a peeress in her own right, she availed herself of these privileges to marry the man of her choice, Major Blunt, R.H.A., and she is the proud mother of a son and heir to her own vast estates—the little two-year-old Lord Tarbat. Lady Cromartie, unlike her very sporting and athletic sister, Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, who has ridden through two Continents and shot big game with the best of them, is strictly feminine and altogether literary, and in London it is in decidedly "bookish" circles that one meets her. Lady Cromartie is not, perhaps, pretty in the exact sense of the word, but she is so full of fun and animation that she manages somehow to trip up the pretty people. Her property lies in her titular county in Scotland, and she owns the major part of that prosperous little watering-place, Strathpeffer. She has written a great many poems and very clever articles, and promises to write more.

BYSTANDER.

The Latest Cult in Art

OLD FRENCH COURT PORTRAITURE IN BOND STREET

Mlle. Annette de Grivel, by Largillière

An example of the richness and grace of the eighteenth-century Court period in France, the cult for which has caught on in London, and thirty examples of which may be seen at Duveen's Galleries, in Bond Street

The famous niece of Voltaire

Dronais's painting of the Comtesse de Dompierre D'Hornoy de Fontaines, one of his most characteristic examples of eighteenth-century Court beauty

Boucher's famous "Jeune Femme couchée sur un lit de Repos"

This painting, dated 1739, is admired for the life of the figure, and the wonderful colouring of her surroundings

The PLAYHOUSES

His Majesty's Theatre

"COLONEL NEWCOME"

There is one person who must be feeling very small. It is the unknown writer to the *Daily Mail* who wrote the article, in not very good taste, questioning Mr. Tree's fitness to play Colonel Newcome. I wish I knew the identity of "An Actor," so that I might rejoice in his discomfiture. Mr. Tree has proved not only that he can play Colonel Newcome, but that he can play it in such a manner as to make his performance the best that has been seen in London for a very long while. It is as if Mr. Tree said to himself: "I will show up the folly of prejudging an actor." If Mr. Tree had failed, we should have held "An Actor" in as great contempt for the correctness of his forecast as we now hold him for the lamentable failure of it. He is a "tipster," whose proper pitch is outside the *2s. 6d.* ring of the less important race meetings. Mr. Tree is always conscientious, but his temperament is essentially one—else he were no artist—which is as fluid as the mercury in a thermometer. Once I saw him walk through the part of Falstaff. One who had not seen him play it in his best vein would have left the theatre under the impression that the subtleties of the Fat Knight were beyond his conception. I have no doubt at all that the newspaper correspondence upon his coming production spurred Mr. Tree to give us better than his best. He has silenced for all time the little band of detractors who have always declared, with melancholy shakings of their heads, that "Tree was quite out of his element in a 'straight' part."

Mr. George Alexander and the Collar Critics

Great importance is attached in sartorial circles to the fact that the manager of the St. James's wears in *His House in Order* a flannel collar (to wit, the "Viyella") made by Messrs. Harman and Co., 24, Duke Street, St. James's, W.

Mr. Tree in a "Straight Part"

Now, Colonel Newcome is as "straight" a part as one could well quote to explain the theatrical sense of this adjective. It must be played without the employment of one of those effective little tricks of gesture, of voice, of carriage, with which an actor invests a "character" rôle. In a sense, of course, every rôle is a character rôle, but the word is used in its theatrical sense. Consider Svengali for a moment. The character demands a make-up which amounts to a disguise, and allows a hundred-and-one oddities and mannerisms. There are so few Svengalis in the world that we are prepared to accept the most bizarre touches in the playing of the rôle.

But Colonel Newcome has long been as Thackeray intended him to be—the model of an honest English gentleman. In an English play no part could well be more straight. And it is an honest, honourable, and lovable English gentleman which Mr. Tree creates, or rather realises, for us. To the playing of Colonel Newcome, Mr. Tree has brought a veritable storehouse of humour and pathos. He gives us that rare spectacle upon the English stage, a character who reveals himself more to us by silence than by speech. The Colonel takes part in a set of lancers—or they may have been quadrilles, for I was too engrossed interpreting the character to notice. His movements in the dance are a monologue. He straightens his back. "What! an old fellow like me dance? Haven't done such a thing for years. Well, here goes. Nothing like meeting a difficulty with square front. First figure: My dear madam, I place myself in your hands. I am rather hazy about this figure, but I daresay that under your skilful guidance I shall get into the swing of it. Ah! setting to partners. Now it is coming back to me. By Jove! when I was a young man I could swing 'em round with the best. Confound the chair! I never saw it. It nearly put me out. Must give it a wide berth when the chain comes round again. This is capital fun, but I shall have to pay for it. Hullo! I'm a bit fogged here. No, I see, chain again. Madam, I am extremely sorry, but in steering clear of the chair I almost missed you. Pardon my clumsiness. It's no use your smiling and saying it wasn't my fault. I know it was. What! over already? I could do another set." And so could the audience. By such delightful touches in the early portions of the play did Mr. Tree embellish the portrait of Colonel Newcome without the aid of dialogue, and so arouse our admiration and love for the old soldier, that we were ready to be harrowed by his misfortunes. A very sad note pervades the last two acts. It is pitiful to see the proud spirit struggling against adversity. The actor makes us feel how much he feels the bitter tongue of Mrs. Mackenzie. We almost quiver as he quivers under her unmerited reproaches. But the admirable restraint of Mr. Tree, and, again, his sense of humour, preclude any danger of the pathetic note being over-emphasised. Not for a long time—for a very long time in London—has the playing of a rôle moved an audience to such feelings of compassion. The company at

"Colonel Newcome."

Mr Basil Gill
as
Clive Newcome.

Mr Tree
as
Colonel Newcome.

Mr Lyn Harding
as
Fred Bayham

Charles Sykes.

Miss Bateman (Mrs Crowe)
as Lady Kew.

at
His
Majesty's
Theatre

Mrs Tree as Mrs Mackenzie.

DRAWN BY CHARLES R. SYKES

His Majesty's Theatre have taken the cue from their chief. They are well grouped round him, with one exception. Rather out of the picture, for once, is that fine actress, Mrs. Crowe. She plays Lady Kew with too much feeling. The touch of melodramatic intensity is not required. Her portrait of the worldly old woman is too highly coloured for the picture. Of great assistance to the play was Mrs. Tree, as the shallow, vapourish Mrs. Mackenzie, who manages in prosperity to hide the "cattiness" of her real disposition, which is only revealed by poverty. The part is a dual one, and it is difficult to award the palm for either aspect, so doughty a competitor is the actress against herself. The play has been skilfully adapted from the book. It deals principally, of course, with the decline and fall of Colonel Newcome, but the playwright, Mr. Michael Morton, has thereby escaped the danger of over-weighting his adaptation by selecting too much material from the book.

The Ellen Terry Matinée

When these lines appear, it will be the eve of the great Ellen Terry matinée. It is to be hoped that the alarming increase of names to the programme, at the time of writing, will not be maintained, as what was intended to be a matinée threatens to become a continuous performance. It is whispered that something besides a desire to see the jubilee demonstration in honour of England's well-beloved actress fills with impatience the jury of playwrights in Mr. Gilbert's *Trial by Jury*. They long for June 12 in order to resume their positions as friends of the author. They have had about enough of his severe stage management.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Ethel Negretti

Who is now appearing at the Palace Theatre. Miss Negretti has a fine voice, and is one of the many artists who have taken to the variety stage. For some time she toured in the *Country Girl* as the Princess, after which she sustained the title-rôle, "Nanoya," in *The Cingalee* on tour. For two years in succession she was at the Drury Lane "panto," and she sang the solos in *The Sign of the Cross* with the late Wilson Barrett at the Lyceum

Fulham Theatre

In its present state, *The Other Man's Business*, a farce which was played for the first time in London at the Fulham Theatre, last week, is not a very inspiriting piece. It needs revision and excision before it can settle down to a profitable run in the provinces. The one idea of the authors appears to be to instil into their characters an inordinate love of betting, gambling, and swearing, and, in the second act, we are treated to a police raid on a gambling club. The play is amusing at times, chiefly when Mr. G. W. Anson and Miss Hubbard are playing. It is difficult quickly to forgive the authors of the piece for their travesty of a British Public School Boy. Horatio Bloggett is very wide of the mark. E. C. S

Photo *Bolak*

At the Theatrical Sports held at Stamford Bridge last week

The sun shone in his most benignant manner during the whole of the almost day-long programme, which was open to everyone, from a theatrical manager to the humblest gentleman in the "flies." Most of the best known of "the" profession were present, and the prizes were presented by Miss Irene Vanbrugh

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

The Quack's Happy Hunting Ground

The Medical Congress just held here for the repression of illegal practice of medicine has brought to light a startling fact, *i.e.* that France has more doctors than any other country, and less patients to attend. Not that the men, women, and children in France are not subject to the same ailments as others; the reason of this penury of patients is much more curious. The truth is that a large portion of the population has more faith in those whom the Medical Faculty describes as "quacks" than in the certificated doctors and physicians. Many of the "quacks" have a splendid connection, and are at war with the latter.

* * *

What is a Quack?

"What do you call a quack?" was the question boldly asked by a bone-setter brought before the magistrates. "A quack," replied the prosecuting counsel, "is a man who fraudulently represents himself as being able to cure those who apply to him." "In that case," retorted the defendant, "it is you who are quacks." And he called a dozen witnesses, who swore that they had had splendid results from the advice given them by the defendant when even the medical celebrities had failed to effect a cure. In the Rue du Bac lives an old man of eighty-three, called Cazau, who for the last fifty years has been doctoring people in defiance of the law, and the fines he has paid during that time have only increased his popularity. Whenever he is summoned by the Medical Faculty—which happens twice or three times a year—the court is filled with sympathisers of both sexes ready to testify to his skill. He prepares his own medicines—all of them blood purifiers — with which he pretends to cure cancer, tumours, cholera, etc.; and his pride is that one of the magistrates, who, in the afternoon had fined him for illegal practice of medicine, had come in the evening to consult him on an irruption of the skin which the other doctors had given up as hopeless. "I cured that magistrate," added the old man, with a chuckle, "and yet he continues to fine me whenever I am brought before him!"

"Pour un Journal Anglais? Mais certainement!"

With this cordial expression, the fair winner of a *prix d'honneur* in the annual "Battle of Flowers," stopped her carriage in order that THE BYSTANDER representative might take a photograph

* * *

Doctor's "Sawdust Doll"

Once more the question is being raised as to the frequent operations for appendicitis that might be avoided. Doctors to-day are like children with a sawdust doll. They are not happy unless they have cut you open to see what is inside; although they know that they will find the human equivalent for sawdust, they hope there may be a surprise. The surprise, however, comes to you who have been operated, for you find yourself no better than before. So many complaints have been made about the uselessness of these operations that Dr. Dieuldfoy has considered it necessary to make an official statement, rehabilitating the operation for appendicitis when proved that the malady exists, but blaming the doctors generally for incorrect diagnosis. Every doctor is not blessed with common-sense because he has taken a degree. There are as many fools—if I may be pardoned the expression—inside as outside the learned profession.

At the "Fêtes des Fleurs" in the Avenue des Acacias

This year the "Battle of Flowers" was rather a tame affair. The weather was fair, but the participants in the contest were rather lackadaisical. Some of the carriages and electric broughams were beautifully decorated with peonies, white carnations, roses, and marguerites

* * *

The Fetes des Fleurs

We have had our annual "Battle of Flowers." It proved a tame affair, not because the weather was somewhat inclement, but because the fickle Parisian has grown tired of this kind of entertainment, like he did of the Opera ball and other shows. It is the ubiquitous stranger who patronises the "battle,"

hires a carriage, lays in a stock of flowers, and honestly believes that the elegantly dressed ladies he pelts with roses, and who gracefully return the compliment, are the cream of Paris Society. And if he were told that these sweet creatures bear the names of Yvonne de Salèze, Claire de Briens, Alice de Rivière, Suzanne de Nevers, Marie de Loudon, etc., he would probably hoard those faded flowers as sweet souvenirs from these *grandes dames*. Alas! poor stranger, you do not know that they belong to the half and quarter world, and that their high-sounding titles are as sham as their complexions. The only thing real about them is their jewellery, and even then it would sometimes be rash to be too certain.

* * *

—— Which Real Parisians do not Patronise

The real Parisians desert the Avenue des Acacias on the afternoon of the Battle of Flowers, and only grace it with their presence in the morning from eleven till mid-day. That is the time when you can catch a good glimpse of Paris life. Go early, so as to secure a chair, whence you can see the gentlemen and ladies on horseback, as well as the "footgoers," as the Germans call them. The *défilé* begins. Men, young and old, on horseback, bent double so that their noses nearly touch their horses' necks; amazons, some of them astride like a man; officers, whose horsemanship contrasts favourably with that of the civilians; Society ladies, actresses, millionaires, adventurers, celebrities, non-descripts. It is an instructive sight for the novelist, playwright, and caricaturist, and we are certain to meet many of them here.

* * *

What's in a Name?

A couple of years ago, Mr. P——, the famous *couturier*—as well known in London as in Paris—brought an action against a gentleman for having opened a dressmaking establishment under the name of P——. The defendant's plea was simple, but to the point. "My father, grandfather, and great-grandfather," he said, "like myself, were all called P——. As to the claimant, his name originally was Jacob, which he changed into that of P——. If, therefore, anyone has a right to complain it is I." The court was of that opinion, and dismissed the application. Another dispute about a name will soon be threshed out before one of our tribunals. The Prince de la Tour d'Avergne is bringing an action against the Comte de la Tour d'Avergne for having unlawfully assumed that title. But the joke is that, in truth, neither of them has the right to sign himself by that name. It is a fact, little known in France, that there are only from forty to fifty genuine old noble families in the land whose claims to the names they bear nobody can dispute. All the rest have been either purchased, or are self-made. Even the old families take liberties with the titles borne by their ancestors. Many old names, like Montmorency, Rohan, etc., are extinct; but the junior branches of these families have quietly taken them up and added them to their names. And those who know smile when they hear of a Rohan-Chabot, or of a Montmorency-Périgord. It is the same with the Tour d'Avergnes. The last member of that famous family died in London during the time of the French Revolution, and left an illegitimate son, who, having become a priest, could not leave any lawful descendants. But the junior branches seized upon the title, and now two gentlemen are going to fight over the possession of an honour to which neither of them can lay claim.

Photo H. Trampus and Co.

A monument to Dumas fils

Which was unveiled yesterday (Tuesday) in Paris. It is designed by the French sculptor, M. de Saint Marceuce. Dumas *fils* died in 1895, and wrote sixteen plays and several novels, of which "*La Dame aux Camelias*" is the best known in England

* * *

The Insolence of Clothes

The crowd at the Grand Steeple at Auteuil was immense. But what a crowd! English and Americans on nearly every chair, and English and Americans shouting across the path, across the lawn, across the glasses of iced orangeade; but not a lady among them. As for the men, I don't remember ever having seen such a collection on this side of the Channel. And they were not pleased, for the two English horses disappointed them, and they made no secret of their anger. If people could buy good manners with their clothes, what a pleasant place Paris would be. As it is, clothes are usurping everything. Laces and lawns, embroidered muslins, and Japanese bands of red and blue, push their way to the front, and sweep over the modest linens; and they who wear them are superbly insolent, strong in the knowledge that a forty-guinea gown always finds room to be admired. The Steeple of 1906 will be remembered as a record year for dress, and for the talk about it. One would never have thought that anything but "braces," and "lace sleeves," and "a touch of yellow at the throat," and "those dear little striped muslins" had an interest for women. But there will come a change. In a select corner beneath the trees a handful of women had assembled who agreed to make a demonstration in the week that closes with the Grand Prix. A hint to those at a distance. Short skirts and plain coats in blue and white striped linens, or blue and white dotted voile, without a particle of lace, is the *mot d'ordre*.

Lancelot

SOCIETY AND THE KODAK

SOME SELECTIONS FROM THE WORK OF DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS NOW BEING EXHIBITED AT THE KODAK COMPANY'S PREMISES IN THE BROMPTON ROAD

542 Pal

By Her Majesty the Queen, who is an enthusiastic user of the Kodak, and rarely travels at home or abroad without taking snapshots of the scenes that attract her

Visitors from the shore approaching the Royal yacht, while cruising off the coast of Scotland

Queen Alexandra's Yachting Photographs

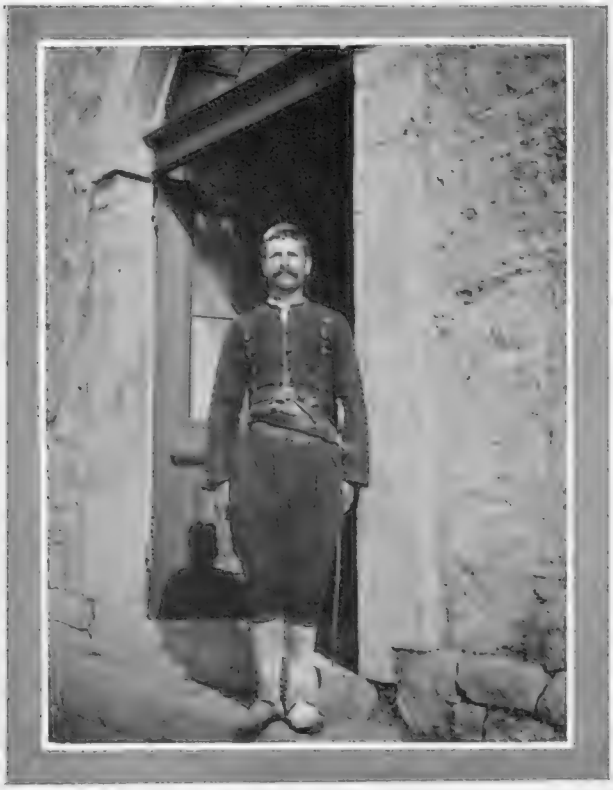
BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

A view on the Kiel Canal, the great waterway between the Baltic and North Sea, which has proved so invaluable to the development of German commerce, recently visited by the Royal yacht

BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

The Rock of Gibraltar, with a gunboat firing a shot at some birds, photographed from the Royal yacht

Stray Snapshots from Abroad



By Lord Battersea, who won a diploma for amateur photography at the Vienna Exhibition

At Cettinje, the capital of Montenegro: A messenger from Prince Nicholas

By the Duchess of Westminster, who used her Kodak freely while in South Africa

Kaffir boys snapshotted from a train between Capetown and Bloemfontein

By Lieut. the Hon. M. B. Parker, son of the late Earl of Morley, of the Grenadier Guards, who served in the South African campaign

Watering horses at a drift near Brindisi on the Basutoland border in the Brandwater Basin, O.R.C., where the officer was stationed

The Camera in Switzerland

By Lady Kathleen Eliot, daughter of Earl Cairns, and the wife of the Rev. E. F. Whateley Eliot, Vicar of All Souls', Eastbourne

The Eiger (Bernese Oberland), one of the gigantic ice-clad peaks, which frown down on the Valley of Grindelwald, and which, with the Mönch, the Jüngfrau, and the Silberhorn, form one of the noblest prospects of the Alps. The Eiger is 13,042 ft. high

Distinguished Kodak Exhibitors

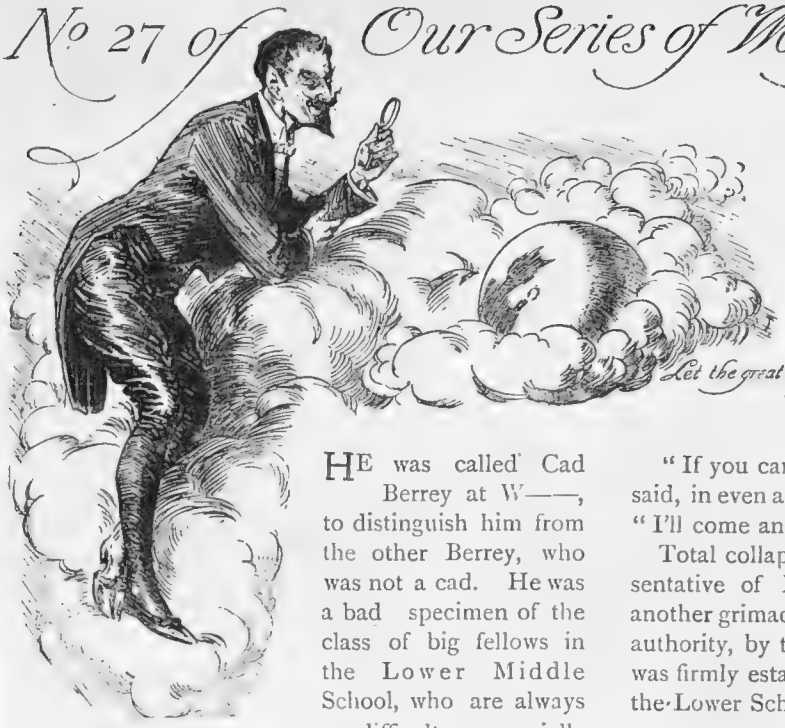
By the Countess Dowager of Desart

The old Parliament House at Schwyz, wherein Swiss Independence was declared in the fifteenth century

By Mr. Ernest de la Rue

Wayside houses built on rocks—a curiosity in the valley of the Var, South-East France

No. 27 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



A Game of Bluff

By A. H. BROWNE

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

HE was called Cad Berrey at W——, to distinguish him from the other Berrey, who was not a cad. He was a bad specimen of the class of big fellows in the Lower Middle School, who are always a difficulty, especially when the Sixth are a bit weak. They get there somehow, by a sort of inverted gravity, and there they stick, a menace to discipline.

Berrey was specially troublesome, because he was a boastful bully, who would do anything to gain popularity with the Lower School. Luckily, however, he was a coward; a fact illustrated by the following little incident.

Evening Preparation used to be taken by a master in Big School, assisted by two Prefects. One evening Berrey's part of the room was under Edwards, a quiet, slim young fellow, who had been made a Prefect that term. The fact that the master in charge was visibly and audibly asleep offered an opportunity for ragging too good to be lost by the Cad and his clique, and the noise soon caused Edwards to look up from his work. He knocked rather gently on his desk.

"Don't talk, Berrey," he said, in a low but very distinct voice, fixing the ringleader with his eye.

The latter shuffled and turned red, but his courage oozed out under that calm scrutiny, and, to the disappointment of his smaller admirers, he obeyed.

Presently the noise reasserted itself. Again Edwards looked up.

"Stand up on the form, Berrey," he said, in the same smooth voice.

This was rather an unusual punishment for so big a boy, and his friends rubbed their hands in anticipation of a row. What would the Cad do? Again he shuffled and turned red, but again—he obeyed. Feeling, perhaps, that he must do something to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of his followers, he soon began to play monkey-tricks from his unenviably prominent position, and by pantomime to convey the impression that after Preparation he would be even with Edwards. Once more Edwards looked up, and caught the actor's eye.

"If you can't keep quiet on that form, Berrey," he said, in even a quieter voice than he had hitherto used, "I'll come and knock you off it."

Total collapse and eclipse of this unworthy representative of King Mob. Not another word, not another grimace escaped him that evening. Edwards' authority, by these somewhat unconstitutional means, was firmly established, while Berrey's reputation with the Lower School was seriously damaged.

. . . . . .

John Edwards, the eminent lawyer, now with streaks of grey in his hair, was dining at the Savoy with another old school-fellow, Smyth, whom he had not seen for many years.

As dinner proceeded, a loud voice began to dominate the buzz of general conversation, until it almost silenced it, and, as it were, against their will, the two men found themselves listening to a succession of boastful egotistical anecdotes, told in a loud, coarse voice by someone at the next table. By craning their necks a little, they could see the speaker. They exchanged glances.

"The Cad, as I live," said Edwards.

"For Heaven's sake, then," replied Smyth, "tell him to stand on the form, and hold his tongue."

It was he, beyond a doubt—rounder, redder, balder, but the same boastful creature evidently, and, as characters do not change much—their environments it is that change—probably the same coward at heart.

"Soldiering is all very well, Major," he cried to his companion, "but there's nothing in it. No money, and that's the only thing that counts. Money makes the world go round; some fool said it was Love Why, you can always buy Love; you soldiers are said to be favourites with women—but you're not in it, if the other chap has the dollars. Now, what did you get out of South Africa, Major—some letters after your name, and a medal or two to stick on your coat. Now, what did *I* get out of South Africa? About three-quarters of a million, there or thereabouts; me and my partner"—(pretty bad this, even for the Lower Middle II.)—"got in at the bottom and out at the top—like an old-fashioned sweep-boy—ha! ha!—and now we're on velvet."

Berrey rather mixed his metaphors, as well as, to all appearance, his liquors, but his general appearance

Another "Worldly" story next week

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of prosperity seemed to bear him out, when later he shouted, that "me and my partner" had "struck it thick." He boasted louder than ever, to everybody's visible disgust. His hunters were the best—at all events the dearest; his motor the fastest; his wine the oldest, and nothing was too hot or heavy for him. "Face the music" was his motto, and "turn your back on no man." Just then he turned his head, and seemed to receive a shock. He found himself under Edwards' quiet eye, and he now, as he had years ago, visibly quailed.

"How d'y do, Berrey," said Edwards. "Remember me? At W—— together; here is Smyth, too. You'll recollect him."

"Bless my soul, of course," he gushed. "I remember you, Smyth, in the Eleven—captain, I think. But somehow I don't recollect what your special line was, Edwards?"

"He was a Prefect," observed Smyth, "and sometimes took Evening Preparation."

His jaw dropped a little at this, but, nevertheless, he shook hands with effusion.

"But you've got my name wrong," he said. "I changed it from Berrey to Rinberton some time ago." He did not say why, and no one was so indiscreet as to ask.

After giving them a somewhat perfunctory, and very general invitation to "my house in Park Lane," he said good-night, to everyone's relief.

Edwards, pleading work, soon took his departure also. He was troubled, and he wanted to think.

"Rinberton, Rinberton," he mused, "the name is very uncommon. Can it possibly be the same? Can he be the father of Edith's Jack, and can he have been that scoundrel Sheref's partner? What a small world it is."

As he entered his house in Elm Park Avenue in a brown study, a tall, fair girl came forward to meet him. She was his niece, the only child of Selby, Edwards' brother, who, unlucky in almost everything else in life, had had one supreme success—the winning of Edith's mother. The brothers had been rivals, friendly rivals, but Selby won. It was a happy, but very short union: not much longer than an extended honeymoon. When Edith the younger came into the world, poor Edith the elder left it; and Selby, who never seemed to hold up his head again, followed her in less than a year, leaving the innocent cause of all this woe to her uncle's care.

"Has Jack Rinberton been neglecting you, dear?" Edwards asked. "We haven't seen him here much lately."

The hand on his shoulder trembled a little, and a cloud settled on the fair face turned up to his.

"He is staying with his father in Park Lane, uncle," she replied.

"Have you nothing more to tell me, dear?" he asked. "If you are in trouble, let me go shares."

Not unwillingly, perhaps, she told him the whole story, one which has been the eternal theme of love stories since the world began.

Jack Rinberton and she loved one another. His father, however, wouldn't hear of it. He had ambitious views for his only son, not unconnected with the daughter of an impecunious peer. He never would consent to a marriage which did not further those views, and had peremptorily declined to listen to anything on the other side. If Jack married against his wishes, well and good; but not one farthing should he ever receive from him, nor should he or his wife ever darken his doors—and so on, and so on.

The man was willing to sacrifice all for the girl, but she, true daughter of Eve, had insisted in freeing him of his vows rather than that he should be hindered in his prospects.

The reaction, however, had now come, and her fortitude had given way. Her uncle could not endure to see his niece's distress, for since she had been a wee toddling child her every joy and her every sorrow had been his also.

"Oh, Uncle John!"—the storm had passed, and she wrung his heart with her entreaty—"you who win so many cases for other people, who are so clever and successful, can't you help us? Is there no way of persuading old Mr. Rinberton to give his consent to our marriage?"

"Well," her sorely pressed uncle replied, "we will see; but if I'm to undertake your case, Miss, I must have a retaining fee."

She paid it and went to bed, while Edwards sat up thinking and smoking over the fire, for it seemed to him that he was about to be engaged in a very critical case, through which he did not see his way.

Evidently, his old school-fellow, Cad Berrey, and Jack's father, were one and the same man—a curious enough coincidence to start with—but, by a still stranger accident, he felt sure that Berrey, or rather Rinberton, as well as his late partner (though at the moment he could not remember Berrey's name cropping up in the papers), were concerned in a case in which he was deeply interested.

Shortly before his brother Selby's death, the public had been suffering from that fit of wild speculation to which it seems the law of nature that they shall be subject, at more or less regularly recurring intervals. It had culminated in the inception, and adoption by its numberless victims, of the Universal Exploration and Mining Trust. It ran the usual course, and ended in the usual way. All the ordinary rules of the game were observed. Lying prospectuses, wholesale Press bribery, etc., and the end, the inevitable end, the ruin of the widow and orphan and the triumph of the fraudulent company promoters. Poor Selby, always optimistically sanguine and credulous, had embarked almost every shilling of his money in this sorry scheme.

The case was a particularly bad one, and a notorious scoundrel, one Isidore Sheref, was the chief cornerstone of the concern. The matter had been referred to the Public Prosecutor, with a view to criminal proceedings; but the trap had been so ingeniously baited, the fraud had been so artistically conceived and executed, that difficulties insurmountable, or judged by that cautious functionary to be insurmountable, faced him from the beginning. When, at last, it was hoped that sufficient evidence was forthcoming to lay Sheref by the heels, the scoundrel died, and went beyond the jurisdiction of our Courts, but possibly into that of another Tribunal, from which he would find there was no appeal.

So the case crumbled away in all respects but one. There was one glaringly and demonstrably false

(Continued on page 550)

From the Stage to the Skies

Photo *Campbel-Gray*

The actress aeronaut, Miss Godwynne Earle, and Mr. Perceval Spencer in the latter's balloon

One of the keenest of Mr. Perceval Spencer's recent balloon passengers has been Miss Godwynne Earle, the favourite actress now playing in the Coliseum Revue. She has recently accompanied him in one or two long voyages, it is said, for the benefit of her "health." A certain amount of nonsense has, as a result, been written about the "balloon cure," which is alleged to "counteract the effect of hard work on the nerves"

(Continued from page 548)

prospectus, clearly not issued by Sheref, but, it was almost certain, by his partner. The proof of the latter's complicity, however, depended solely on the evidence of one man—Kirkland by name—who had disappeared, and was not to be found.

Such, in short, was the unsavoury atmosphere with which the name of Rinberton was more or less intimately connected. And Edwards had pledged his word to bring about Edith's marriage with this man's son!

Edwards sat smoking and pondering in his chair, while he brought all his lawyer shrewdness to bear on the case before him. He at last decided on his course of action. The thing was risky, and might end disastrously for himself; but for her sake he was willing to undertake it, and, after all, "All's fair in love and war."

Next morning, however, he hid away all misgivings as he followed a gorgeous flunkey up the broad staircase of the financier's Park Lane house, and was ushered into the library, where the servant said his master would see him.

He seated himself with his back to the light—which Rinberton faced—being thus able to keep his eyes fixed on the latter's face, and to note the effects of his words.

"I think, Rinberton," he said, after the usual greetings, "that you and your partner Sheref were connected with the Universal Exploration and Mining Trust?"

"Sheref was," he replied, "not me; and Sheref's dead. What are you driving at?"

He was full of outward bluster, so far, but Edwards' experience of hostile witnesses made him look for, and find a slight quivering in the eyes.

"By that swindle," Edwards continued, "my niece and ward has lost every penny of her slender fortune, invested in the concern by her father, my brother Selby. By Sheref's death we were foiled in our attempt to obtain justice against him, and for his victims."

Berrey looked relieved.

"Well?" he said.

"There was, however, a subsidiary concern—the Laita Copper Company—in conjunction with which a certain prospectus was issued—not by Sheref."

Still he found himself opposed by bluster. What the devil did he mean by this offensively suggestive tone? Did he dare to hint . . . . ?

Edwards held up his hand. "One moment, please—hear me out."

("I've got him up on the form," he muttered to himself, as he watched the face opposite to his pale and flush again, while the hands moved uneasily.)

"We have for some time been morally certain who wrote that prospectus, and absolutely sure that, if we could bring it home to him, he'd get at least seven years' penal servitude, and be forced—even now—to make restitution to his victims or their representatives. But one link in the chain was lacking, the evidence of one man, and him we could not find."

Rinberton said never a word, but poured out half a tumbler of brandy from a decanter at his elbow, and as he gulped it down the glass in his palsied hands clattered against his teeth. Edwards leaned forward.

"Rinberton," he said, "we have found Kirkland."

The wretched man glared at the impassive face close to his like a wild beast. He half raised himself in his chair, and his right hand went out to a drawer.

"Shut that drawer," said Edwards, towering over him, "or, by God! I'll brain you with this ruler. Would you add murder to your other crimes? Sit down, I say."

Rinberton collapsed, as if his heart had suddenly ceased to beat. "Spare me, Edwards," he cried, grovelling at his feet. "For the sake of old days, for the sake of my son—my only boy—spare me. I was led away by Sheref, whose tongue would wile a bird off the bough. I was dazzled with the prospect of getting rich quickly, and weakly yielded. The prospectus *was* written by me, but from notes supplied to me by Sheref. His was the brain that conceived it; I wish my hand had been shrivelled before it executed it. Let me give restitution, do anything; but do not bring me to open shame."

"Twice," said Edwards, "you have stood in the path of my niece—you now stand in it. But for old school days, and for your son's sake, I'll hold my hand, on one condition, though it is almost a crime to do so. This is my bargain. On the day that sees your son and my niece made man and wife, with a sum settled on her by you equivalent to her loss by your infamous Company, I destroy all evidence I possess of your guilt."

. . . . . .

Edwards stood by the study fire in his empty house a few hours after the wedding. Rinberton had fulfilled his part of the contract, and Edwards was now fulfilling his. All the papers were burning, except a single letter which he held in his hand, and read over again before consigning it to the flames.

"Dear Edwards," it ran, "We have found Kirkland. Our bad luck pursues us. He was found on a hillside in Rhodesia, lying six feet beneath the sod, with a slab of granite on top, to keep him there until the Judgment Day. Death robbed us of our revenge on Sheref. It has now stepped in between us and Rinberton. Our only witness against him is dead, as dead as a door nail."

"It was risky," murmured Edwards, as he jammed the letter into the middle of the fire with the poker. "Yes, deuced risky; but I thought I knew my man."

A. H. Browne.

"Simplon"

The Swiss Federal Railways have just published an excellent Guide to the Simplon route to Italy. The book is charmingly illustrated, and written in a very readable manner. Interesting pictures and photographs are given of the tremendous difficulties which had to be overcome in the construction of the Tunnel. Some space is devoted to an account of the places passed in the valley of the Rhone before reaching the Simplon; while, under the heading "Beyond the Alps," when the train has emerged from the inmost recesses of the mountain, some of the charms of Northern Italy are described. If there is any hesitation over the choice of the district in which to spend one's summer holiday, readers could not do better than write for this booklet, which will be sent free by the Railway's London agency at 13, Shaftesbury Avenue, W., and after reading it, it is probable that they will be tempted to visit one of the spots so charmingly illustrated in the booklet

"La Milo"

THE "HUMAN STATUE," WHO IS NOW APPEARING AT THE PAVILION

As the Brown Venus

A "new ancient statue" which recently aroused much interest in New York as the supposed work of Praxiteles

As Hebe

The Goddess of Youth, and Cup-bearer to the Immortals

"La Milo" in modern guise

Photos

As Oenone

The nymph-prophetess who tried to dissuade Paris from going to Troy

Dover Street Studios, 38, Dover Street, Mayfair

As Electra

The enchantress of the Modern Age

"La Milo" claims most nearly to approach in figure the ideal of classical sculpture. She is at present giving representations at the London Pavilion of some of the best-known statues, some of which are here shown. "La Milo" (whose real name is Miss Pansy Montague) is an Australian, the daughter of an English army officer, and art, not commerce, is admitted to be the motive of her stage career

"Love—One"

A LAWN-TENNIS SKETCH

"Will you play with me?" he asked,

She hesitated an instant, then smiled. "Yes," she said, "with pleasure."

"Thanks; then I'll go and see about making up a set."

She noticed, when he turned his back, that he was getting quite bald.

"Poor thing," she thought, with the easy pity of the very young, "he must be about forty. How horrid for him."

A tall young man strode eagerly towards her. "You'll play with me, Pat?"

She settled herself more comfortably in her deck chair.

"Sorry, Dick," she said indifferently; "I'm engaged."

He looked astonished. "Why, I thought—I mean, didn't you say——" he began.

"No," she said, "I didn't. You must have taken it for granted."

"But you knew——"

"No, I didn't. You—you make so sure of things. And, anyway, I'm playing with Mr. Drake."

The latter turned the corner at the moment, and hailed the young man cheerfully.

"Hullo, Winter," he said, "I've been looking for you everywhere to make a fourth. You and Miss Seton against Miss Patricia and me."

Miss Seton, dressed *à la* Gainsborough, smiled graciously upon him.

"Do play," urged Patricia, with malicious warmth.

"With pleasure," he said icily, and cast her a wrathful glance

Miss Seton prepared to serve from the left-hand court, and he pointed out her mistake.

"Why, of course," she gushed, "how stupid of me! But I'm no player, you know."

He glanced at her skirt that swept the ground, and felt the remark to have been superfluous. Silently he supplied her with balls. She took one and spooned it up in the air. It lodged in a tree behind her own head.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she giggled.

"Fault," said Patricia gravely, and Dick, remembering his injuries just in time, suppressed a smile.

"You have another try, you know," he instructed politely.

Miss Seton proved to have an unerring aim for trees. Before long Patricia and her partner were obliged to go and shake some balls down. They took an inordinately long time over it, and appeared to be sharing an exquisite joke in the course of their labours. Dick stood in frowning silence.

"What is the score now, Mr. Winter?" inquired Miss Seton, with the air of pretty dependence that a Gainsborough hat all but demands.

A sudden idea seized him.

"Love—forty," he said in a loud voice, and with withering emphasis

Mr Drake hurried up. "Not at all, not at all," he contradicted. "Fifteen—thirty, I assure you, Winter."

But Dick was looking at Patricia. "Love—forty," he repeated obstinately.

She gazed critically at her partner, and nodded her head. "I believe it *is* love—forty," she said, meditatively, and Dick slashed the air with his racket.

Presently Patricia found occasion to hunt for a ball in the hedge.

"Do come and fish it out, Mr. Drake," she called.

He hurried up, and for a minute or two their heads were very close together.

"Deuce!" said Dick suddenly.

Miss Seton started and dropped her racket. He picked it up mechanically, but without apology.

Patricia raised a rather flushed face from the privet hedge.

"Your scoring is really wild to-day, Dick," she said. "It's our 'vantage."

"Of course," he said recklessly, "it's your 'vantage. That's why I said 'Deuce.'"

"Mad as a hatter," commented Mr. Drake amiably.

"How funny you are," simpered Miss Seton.

Patricia merely laughed.

Suddenly there was a tearing sound, and Miss Seton collapsed on the grass with yards of muslin frill around her.

"I—I tore it in running," she explained breathlessly; "I can't think how."

"Very strange," said Patricia solemnly, inspecting the damage. "But they'll soon sew it up in the house. Mr. Drake, will you take Miss Seton in and ask for my maid? I ought to go and see if tea's ready in the summer-house."

When they were alone, Patricia stole a glance at Dick. He was religiously collecting the balls.

"Will you come, too," she said, examining the tip of her tennis shoe with absorption, "and see if tea's ready?"

He dropped the balls. "Pat," he said, "why were you so mean?"

"It was you," she answered indignantly. "At least—at least, I think so."

"Pat! When you know I—I love you."

She pulled her sun hat suddenly further over her eyes, but he could see the softening of her lips.

"How could I know," she argued, "till I was told?"

He made an eager step forward, but she held up a hand in warning. A man and a woman sauntered into sight.

"Hullo!" called the man lazily. "Finished already? How did you get on?"

Dick turned impatiently. "Oh, no game at all. Miss Seton tore her dress almost at once."

"Yes," corroborated Patricia, laughing. "In fact, we stopped at Love—One."

And with Dick she disappeared behind the privet hedge.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

"Bystander Abroad" Competition (Third List)

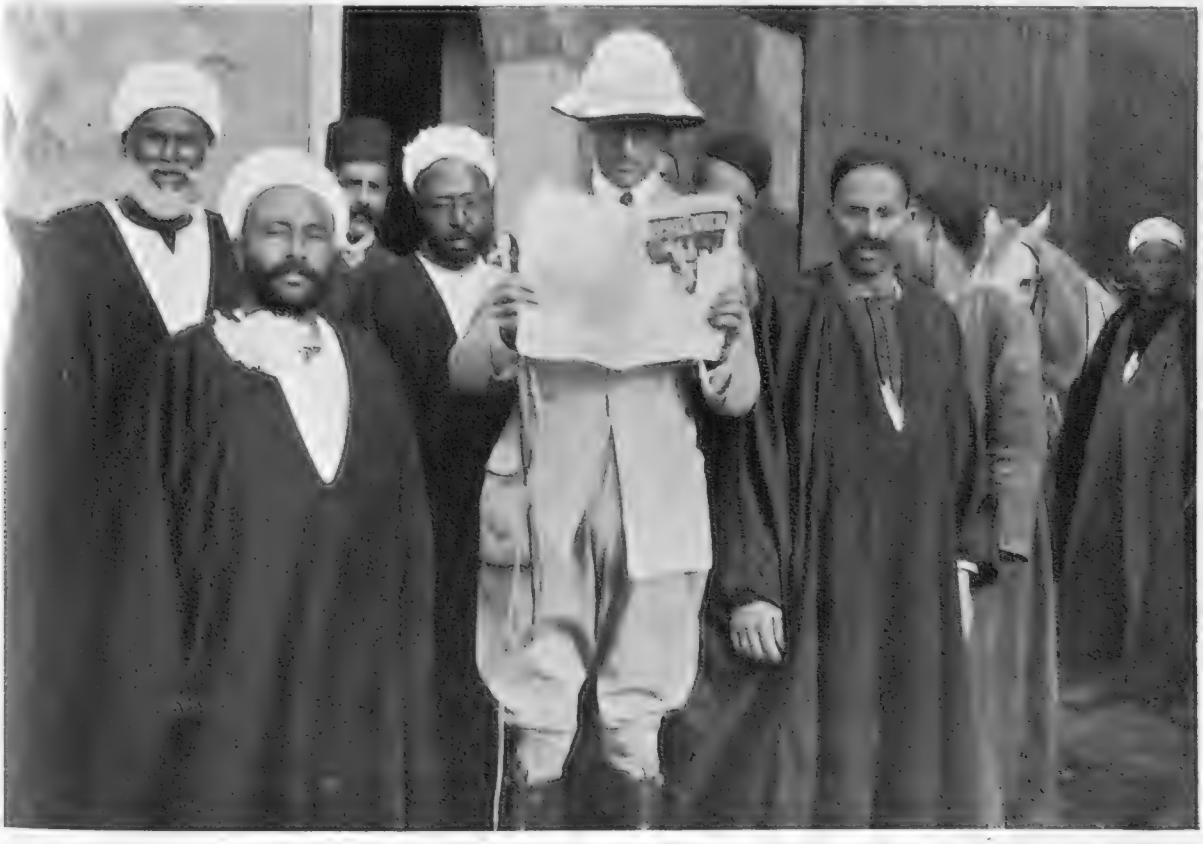
Below we publish a further set of "Bystander Abroad" photographs, taken by our readers in out-of-the-way regions. People who have relations and friends in the Colonies and elsewhere should draw their attention to this Competition, as it is the only one we know of solely for the benefit of foreign readers of a paper. The only conditions are that on the back of the photograph should be put the name and address of the sender and full particulars as to where it was taken, and any other matter of interest concerning it. A prize of **10s. 6d.** *will be given for every photograph published. They should be enclosed in an envelope marked "Bystander Abroad," and addressed to "The Art Editor,"* THE BYSTANDER, *Tallis Street, London, E.C.*

"The Bystander" in Middelburg

Captain PERCY J. HARRIS, A.V. Corps, Middelburg, Cape Colony, who sends this photograph, says: "Even the piccaninnies out here take an interest in your valuable paper"

"The Bystander" on Bulwer's Island, Sea of Marmora

The prize for this photograph goes to Mr. H. E. M. WOODS, Constantinople, who writes: "This photograph was taken on Bulwer's Island, in the Sea of Marmora." On the left is seen Sir Henry Woods, Pasha, the popular Admiral and A.D.C. to the Sultan



"The Bystander" in the Delta

Sent by MR. A. J. WAKEMAN LONG, Turf Club, Cairo. The winner of the prize of 10s. 6d. for this photograph is a Judge in the Egyptian Native Tribunal. The photograph was taken at a native village near Tanta, Egypt, in the middle of the Delta

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

Miscellaneous

"Cities of Spain." By Edward Hutton. (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Modern Spain." By Martin Hume. (Fisher Unwin: 5*s.*)
"The Thames and Its Story." (Cassell: 6*s.*)
"The Business Man's Guide." (Pitman.)

Fiction

"Lady Betty Across the Water." By Mrs. C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"The Undying Past." By Hermann Sudermann. (The Bodley Head: 6*s.*)
"A Tangled I." By Montagu Wood. (E. Grant Richards: 6*s.*)

Spain and the Book-Writers

The arrival of several heavy volumes—heavy partly in bulk, and partly in subject-matter—on Spain is, of course, opportune, for there having been a Royal wedding, spiced by a bomb explosion, the land of the Dons has attracted an attention very long denied it in English literature. Spain has, in fact, been for many years the one country which, from the newspaper standpoint, has been voted dead for the purposes of copy, and special articles upon it have been noticeably rare until the present moment. Furthermore, has not Spain exercised rather a deadening influence on those novelists who have made it their theme? Writers who have been enormously interesting about other countries—India, Africa, Russia, Turkey, or even Canada, Australia, and South America — have sunk into hopeless dulness when they have thrown themselves into the life and character of the Peninsular. I cannot essay a reason, but only record the bare fact that the British novels on Spain which have excited or thrilled me one particle I can count on the fingers—I had almost said the thumbs—of my hands. This is not, of course, Spain's fault. She has done her best to be interesting by sending an Armada, letting us take Gibraltar, fighting America, maintaining bull-fights, and displaying excellent taste in the matter of a Queen, and her claim on our attention is no less than that of many another better written-up country. If our writers seem to have failed to "create" her in our literature, to invest her with any special degree of interest, that is their fault, not Spain's.

Writing up the Peninsular

Now, however, perhaps an improvement is in prospect. I have not as yet received the expected consignment of Spanish novels, but, from the serious standpoint, *The Cities of Spain*, by E. Hutton (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), and *Modern Spain*, by Martin Hume (Fisher Unwin: 5*s.*), are admirable. The former is a massive volume, which deals historically and anecdotally with the great cities, and includes some striking colour-plates, while the latter is a faithful history of the country of King Alfonso from the accession of Charles IV. to the days of that young Sovereign himself. A contemporary, lately, protested against the habit of issuing books on countries and subjects just because they were exciting a transient newspaper interest. To this I do not quite subscribe. After all, it is a busy world, and one cannot read all the books that have been written on all the subjects. The news of the day affords us an admirable opportunity to inform and interest ourselves about certain places and people, and time spent in the intelligent study of the "hinterland" of newspaper topics, by means of books issued in this way, will ultimately make the average man a mine of information, which otherwise he could not possibly be. It is better that our attention should only be drawn to Spain by a marriage (*and* a bomb explosion) than that it should never be so drawn at all.

The New Humour

I did not expect *A Tangled I*, by Montagu Wood (E. Grant Richards: 6*s.*), to be that which, on reading it, I found it to be, or I should not have selected it as a companion for a Whitsuntide railway journey Westward. I have a strong objection to alarming my fellow-passengers by unseemly explosions of harsh mirth, just as I object to being so alarmed myself by the mirth of others; and *A Tangled I* is a book which, in the absence of proper warning, is calculated to convulse. Nothing quite so daring, so epigrammatic, so wildly, morbidly cynical has come my way for years. When the author is not dealing out dialogue of appalling shortness and swiftness, he is indulging in rhetorical outbursts, of the like of which I have not lately encountered. Add to this a decidedly pretty touch in cataloguing the gruesome, and in analysing the complex emotions, and you have an idea of *A Tangled I*. True, a novel which cracks continual jokes is calculated to pall. But Mr. Wood's jokes have the spice of novelty, and they lampoon some phases of modern society we have long wanted to see lampooned. Also, when not indulging in jokes, he is rolling off sentences which are the *reductio ad absurdum* of pomposity, or he is making one's flesh creep by minute descriptions of horrors calculated to put into the shade even the daily diet of Chicago tinned meat which the papers are now giving us for breakfast. Mr. Montagu Wood sounds new. Who is he? It is as safe to say that we shall hear of him again as it is to say that we shall have rain shortly.

A Religious Novel, A.D. 1986

The spice of novelty is introduced into the story of religious purpose (the recent craze for which, I suppose, took root with the success of "When It Was Dark") by Mr. John B. Middleton, who has, in *The God of This World*, given us a story of clerical controversy A.D. 1986. The story is that of a fervent young priest,

Gerard Staunch, whose hatred of false and Pharisaical religion forces him into opposition with the powers that be, chief among whom is his own father, the Primate of the State Church. There is enough interchange of religious argument in the book to satisfy the craving of the most ardent controversialist, while Mr. Middleton's view of the sort of time that is before us eighty years hence is so interesting that I must really quote it:—

> From the window of the library the young man had just left could be seen airships moving about in all directions, their graceful proportions and outlines, varying in character, lending charm to the landscape. They ascended and descended at any point their controllers desired, and were indeed as amenable to the steering and driving apparatus as any other of the great variety of carriages to be seen entering or leaving the great park. There were no horses, all these beautiful and fairy-like vehicles being self-propelled. Radium had long since rendered up to man many of its secrets, and perpetual motion had not only been established, but was understood and easily manipulated by anyone.

I am sure scientists will be consoled to know that so many bothersome problems are to be disposed of in this bland fashion during the coming generation.

"From the Cotswolds to the Nore"

Nothing could arrive more opportunely than a book on the Thames, so the work just issued by Cassells, *The Thames and Its Story—from the Cotswolds to the Nore*, should be eagerly sought after by Riverites. I wonder how many people who have passed lazy hours on its placid reaches have taken the trouble while gliding up and down stream to "think historically" about them. If we arm ourselves with guide-books to explore Continental cathedrals, surely a little knowledge of the stream which is the life-blood of London, and the greatest glory of its social life in summer, is anything but a dangerous thing, and with Henley week upon us soon, people might take this opportunity of adding to their conversational resources a few valuable facts. For my part, the parts of the book which interest me most are the beginning and the end—dealing respectively with the Thames from its source to Lechlade, and after it leaves London on its seaward progress—and if I ever lacked respect for the river, my regard now for its venerability and its endless variety is established permanently.

[Photo] Katherine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson) at work on her latest novel, "The Yellow Domino," in her library at Ealing [Moyse

For Business Men and Others

An excellent book is Pitman's *Business Man's Guide*. It contains information on almost every tiresome subject under the sun, from banking and its mysteries unto stock-broking, and takes in more bewildering topics—call money, *cessio bonorum*, allonge, waste-books, backwardation, collateral security, haulage, and hong—to mention but a few of the many and mysterious subject-headings that have taken my ignorant fancy—than one has dreamed of in philosophy. If any of my readers are ignorant of the meanings of these items, then how doubly great is their need for the book. People who have been under the impression that business is a dull, unimaginative, middle-class habit should cast their eyes over this book, and if the titles of such subjects as sagging, barratry, *fieri facias*, bull, pyx, put, and parquet do not open their eyes to a new and unsuspected treasure-house for exploration, then numb, indeed, must be their imaginative powers.

In Brief

Miss Katherine Tynan, who is shortly to publish a new novel, *The Yellow Domino*, is quite one of the most energetic of authors. She has been continuously writing, since, as a girl of seventeen, she published her earliest volume of verse, since which date—1885—her prose and poetry has appeared with astonishing regularity. Her last volume appeared only a few months ago—"Dick Penreath." China, dogs, and children (her own) are Mrs. Hinkson's—to give her married name—chief hobbies.

I am notified that Mr. Heinemann regrets that, owing to the phenomenal demand for Mr. Upton Sinclair's novel, *The Jungle*, he will be unable to supply copies for a few days. I imagine the "regrets," however, are tempered, as both Mr. Sinclair and his enterprising publisher have brought down big game in the "jungle" in question.

VIVIAN CARTER.

SCENES FROM

"Shore Acres"

AT THE WALDORF THEATRE

The scene on Shore Acres farm, owned by Martin Barron, the lighthouse-keeper

MARTIN (*Mr. Edmund Maurice*): "Damn you! Do you mean to steal my girl from me?"
SAM WARREN (*Mr. Frank Mills*): "I'm not going to steal her from you, Mr. Barron. I'm going out to America to earn her"

Mr. Cooper Cliffe *(Mr. Blake)* **Mr. Cyril Maude** *(Nat Barron)*

Photos] **Miss Alice Crawford** *(Helen Barron)* **Mr. Edmund Maurice** *(Barron)* *[Dover Street Studios*

BLAKE: "Sam Warren wanted £20 to get out to America with. He tried to borrow it from me. I wouldn't lend it to him, so he stole it"
HELEN: "You lie!"

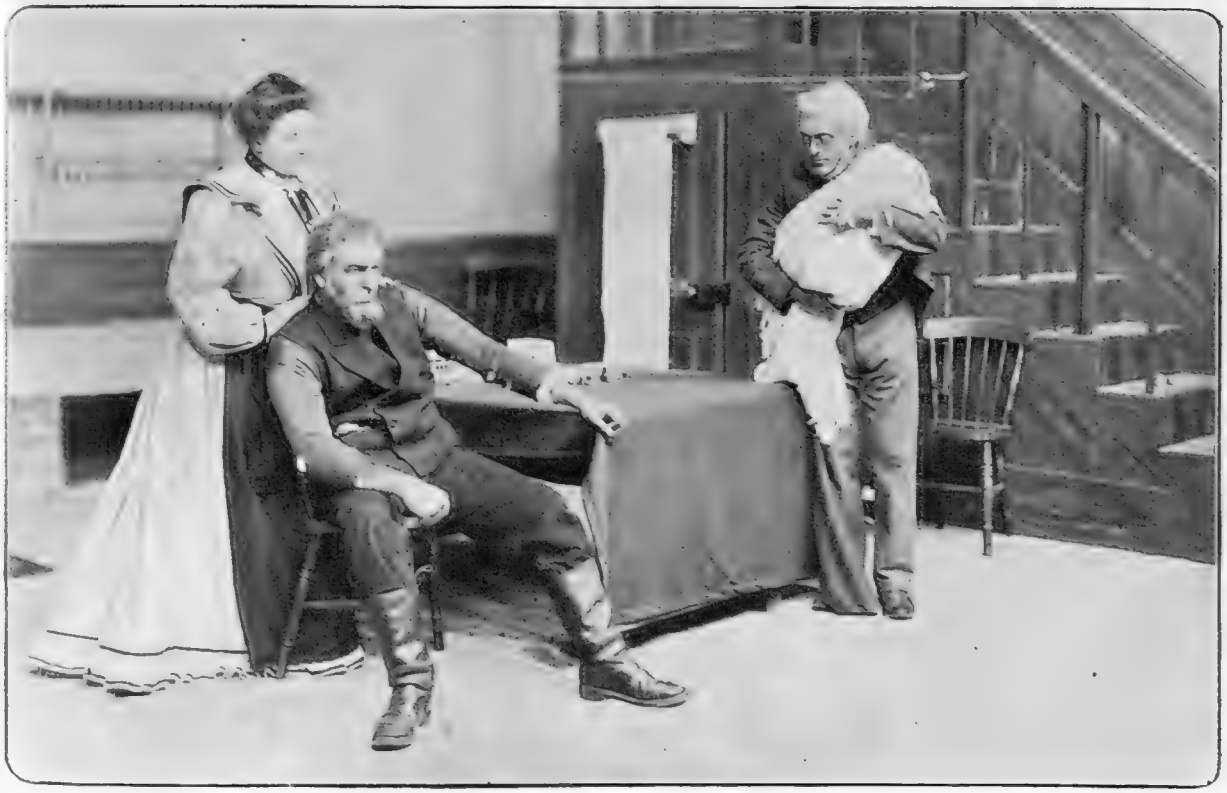
SCENES FROM

"Shore Acres"

AT THE WALDORF THEATRE

The lighthouse scene, in which the struggle takes place between the two brothers

MARTIN *(Mr. Edmund Maurice)*: "Helen's gone"
UNCLE NAT *(Mr. Cyril Maude)*: "I know"
MARTIN: "Why didn't you tell me?"
UNCLE NAT: "Because you didn't desire to be told"



Photos] **Reconciliation—and the end of the play** *[Dover Street Studios*

MARTIN: "What have you got there?"
UNCLE NAT: "Looks something like a baby, don't it?'

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Mr. George Wilkie, Cardross Golf Club

This year Mr. Wilkie did not put in an appearance at the Amateur Championship, but there is no doubt that in him the Scottish contingent possess one of their best and most promising representatives. His style reminds me very much of that of Mr. Robb. In the words of Mr. John Low, both of them play the game in the grand manner. They both have that mode of addressing the ball which, contrasted with the modern Southern school, presents the same sort of difference as would be shown by two schools of fencers, one of which adhered to the formal salute as preliminary to the bout while the other entered on the fight without any preparatory ceremony. In a word, Mr. Wilkie, like Mr. Robb, possesses the pure old Scottish style, which is one of the prettiest possible to watch. It gives the onlooker the impression that the player is a perfect master of the game, and that he looks upon it as an easy art, and that he is able, so to speak, to take liberties with club and ball which are forbidden to ordinary players.

Photo *Brinkley and Sons*

Mr. G. D. Wilkie

Irish Champion 1903, and one of the most promising of Scottish players, who is only twenty-seven, and therefore likely to achieve great future successes

His Play and Successes

I first had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Wilkie play at Prestwick last year, when he defeated Mr. G. S. Lyon, the Canadian champion, and no mean opponent, after a very hard struggle. Mr. Wilkie is a plus six man at his home club, where he holds the record with a score of 70, while at Leven, another of his favourite resorts, he has holed the course in 72. In 1903 he won the Irish Championship, and has secured a heap of Edinburgh and Glasgow University medals. He is only twenty-seven, and we may, therefore, confidently predict a great future for him.

Muirfield Links and the Open Championship

When these notes appear, the Open Championship will be just beginning at Muirfield. I am not going to make any prophecy this year, but a few notes about the course in its present condition may be of interest to my readers. Five years have passed since last the Championship was contested there, and won by the present champion, James Braid. One important change has been made in the round. The tee for the first hole, which used to be close to the wall, is now well away from it. Instead of the hole being a poor and "flukey" one, many badly hit balls coming back towards the hole off the wall, it is now a very good one-shot hole, with pot bunkers guarding the green to right and left. A good straight shot gets its due reward, while a hook or a slice leaves a tricky pitch for the player to execute.

Which is the Better, North Berwick or Muirfield?

The course, when I played over it (June 2), was in just the condition in which it should be ten days before a great competition. Given fine weather and drying winds the links ought to be at their very best on the opening day. A great deal of nonsense has been said and written about the Muirfield course. Many people hold the opinion that North Berwick is a much better green. Personally, I think there is no comparison between the two, and that Muirfield is an infinitely better and more testing course than North Berwick. Apart from the containing wall, which forms the main objection of most players to Muirfield, there are few finer courses in the kingdom. The holes are varied and all excellent. Good straight play will always get its proper reward, and poor shots will be punished. Muirfield is a lovely course, which is improving as the years go by, and can well hold its own even among Championship courses.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Fulwell Golf Club

Anyone wishing to get good golf within a short distance from Town would do well to join the Fulwell Golf Club, at Hampton Hill, Middlesex, only 12½ miles from Waterloo. The new eighteen-hole course was officially opened last Friday week, when a match was arranged between J. H. Taylor (Mid-Surrey) and the local professional, P. J. Gaudin, which the former won by 3 up and 2 to play. A good club house is about two minutes from Fulwell Station. The course is well laid out, being 6,024 yards long, and there is also one for ladies of eighteen holes, 4,950 yards. There are about 500 members, including 140 ladies, and the present entrance fee is only £2 2*s*. and £4 4*s*. subscription, and £1 1*s*. and £2 2*s* for ladies. Play is allowed on Sunday.

The Latest Golf Course for Londoners

THE FULWELL GOLF CLUB AT HAMPTON HILL

Mr. Ringrose

Captain of the new Fulwell Golf Club

Mr. Stuchbury

Hon. Secretary of the new Club

Photos *Montague Dixon*

J. H. Taylor, the ex-champion, driving from the first tee at the Fulwell Links

The opening of this splendid new 18-hole course at Hampton Hill, Middlesex, was inaugurated by a match between J. H. Taylor, the ex-champion, and the local professional, P. J. Gaudin, in which the latter was beaten. The course is very accessible for Londoners, being only 12½ miles from Waterloo, and easily reached also from Richmond and Hammersmith

Polo Club Topics

The Ireland Team

The visit of the Irish team to London is quite the feature of this year's polo season, and their first match at Hurlingham, last Wednesday, needless to say, attracted much attention. Although temporarily handicapped by the sickness of some of their best ponies, they created a very favourable impression on this their inaugural appearance here as a team, and when it is remembered that they were playing on a strange ground, the fact that they were able to make a draw of it with Moreton Morrell must be set down as a distinctly creditable performance. Mr. Buckmaster and Mr. Cecil Nickalls, who will represent England in the coming International Cup match at Hurlingham next Saturday, were both playing for Moreton Morrell, with Mr. Isaac Bell, while in the first half the team was completed by Mr. C. T. Garland, who subsequently retired in favour of Lord Wodehouse, M.P. The scores were at different stages of the game one-all, two-all, and, early in the last period, five-all. Then Ireland took the lead, but, amid great excitement, Mr. Cecil Nickalls just equalised before the call of time.

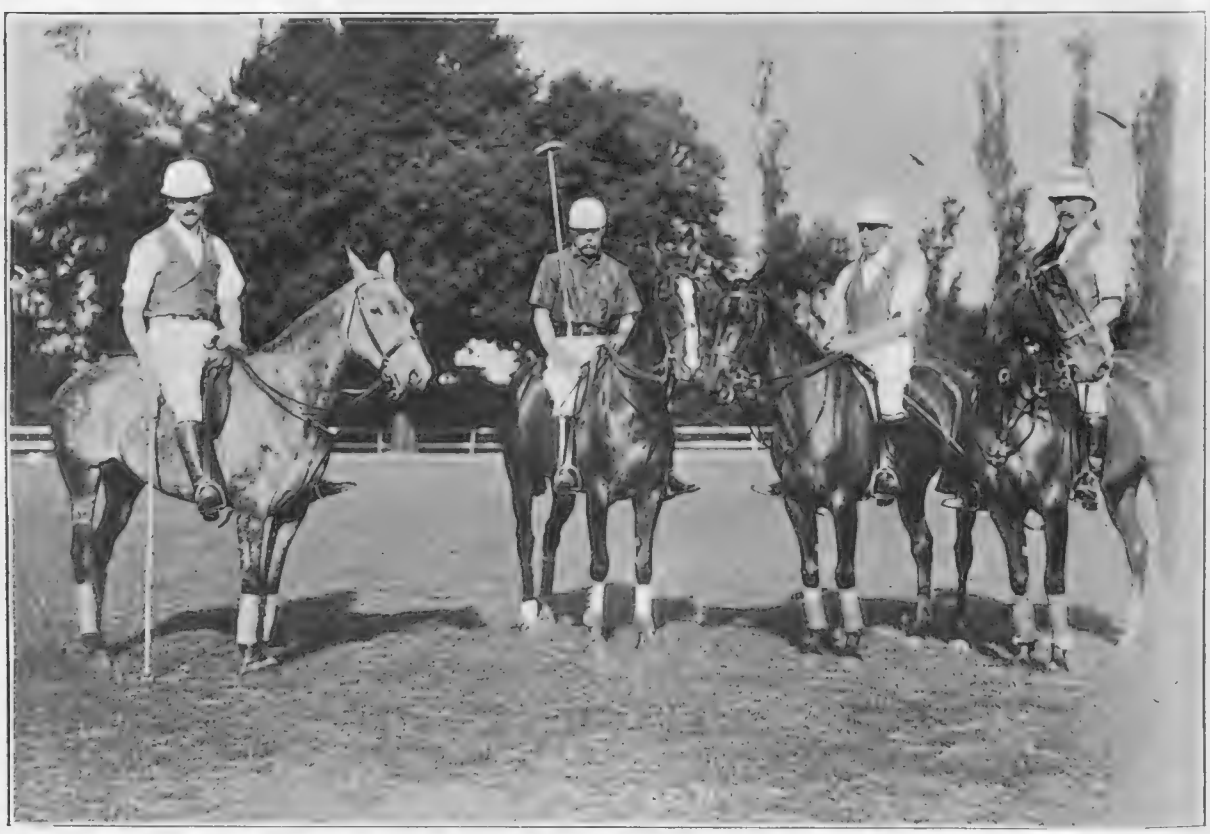
The Inter-Regimental Tournament

The wisdom of running the Inter-Regimental Tournament on the same lines as the County Cup, that is to say, of playing off the preliminary ties locally at convenient military stations, has been fully borne out by the excellent entries, which since the new regulations came into force in 1903 have never fallen below seventeen, an average attained by no other tournament of the season. With the exception of the 14th Hussars, who have disposed of their ponies prior to their departure for India, and of the 19th Hussars, every cavalry regiment now at home has entered a team. The only other absentees are the Gunners, who did not compete last year either. The Foot Guards will be represented by teams from the Coldstream and Irish Guards; the Household Cavalry by the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Blues; the heavy cavalry by the 1st (King's), 3rd, and 7th Dragoon Guards; the Lancers by the 5th, 16th, and 21st; and the Dragoons by the Royal Scots Greys.

—And the Hussars

But the winning team will, in all probability, be furnished by the Hussars, who are represented this year by the 7th, 8th, 11th, 18th, and 20th. The 18th, who are quartered at York, unless they have come on a lot, appear to have no chance on their last year's form, but the others may all be expected to figure prominently, notably the 11th, who were only just beaten in Dublin last year by the Inniskilling Dragoons, the ultimate winners, by a single goal, after a desperate game. The latter corps' recent sudden move to Egypt must have been a great disappointment to them. By the way, that fine player, Major G. K. Ansell, who assisted them in their three Inter-Regimental victories, had a rather serious polo accident at the Curragh last month, breaking two of his ribs.

L. V. L. S.



Mr. P. O'Reilly Major C. K. O'Hara Mr. S. Watt Mr. A. Rotherham

The Irish International Polo Team at Hurlingham

Holders of the International Cup, for which they are to play England shortly. Their first match at Hurlingham, on Wednesday (against the Moreton Morrell team), attracted much interest, and resulted in a draw of six goals each

The British Idea of a Bull-Fight

FAT CATTLE IN COMPETITION AT THE BATH AND WEST SHOW

Photo *A. Banbury*

Champions of the British Ring at Swindon

While the Spanish bull, to gain honour, is goaded to do gory battle in the arena with a picked picador, the British bull, to win similar glory, is merely encouraged to keep still and grow fat. Above is to be seen a large Devon bull belonging to Mr. F. W. Lowe, Lostwithiel, "Merry Boy" (a somewhat alarming name for a bull, perhaps), who won a first prize, side by side with the little Dexter Kerry bull, "Don Geodorum" (first prize), belonging to Mr. J. B. Chetwynd, of Wyndthorpe, near Doncaster

The King's Hereford bull, "Admiral," which took first prize in the Bath and West Show at Swindon on May 31

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

The Lawn-Tennis International

Everyone expected America to beat Australasia in the preliminary competition for the right to play England for the International Challenge Cup, but few thought that, even with B. C. Wright standing down from the American team, the Australian couple would make as close a fight of it as they did. By defeating Holcombe Ward, after a close five-set match, A. F. Wilding has proved himself a worthy successor to Norman Brookes, and vindicated his right to a place in the very forefront of lawn tennis. In fact, he has "come on" so rapidly that there is no knowing at present where he will stop. Nothing succeeds like success, and in the forthcoming Championship Meeting at Wimbledon his progress will be as well worth watching as anybody's. Poidevin has also more than fulfilled expectations, and for a man who is first and foremost a cricketer, his performance is quite wonderful. Ward may or may not have underrated him slightly after winning the first set easily; but, at any rate, to reach 4—1 in one set and to be within an ace of winning another, after having established a 5—1 lead, is a thing that takes some doing against a man like Ward, and Poidevin did it. Nor could the match, by any stretch of imagination, be termed an easy one for Ward, just because he didn't actually lose a set. He had to struggle hard to make up the leeway in Nos. 2 and 3. The only tie in which Australasia can be said to have been really outplayed was the Double, in which, when once they had been collared, after establishing a 5—3 lead in the first set, they never looked like winning. The combination of the Americans was good, and so was their judgment, particularly in the matter of lobbing.

Miss May Sutton, the famous lawn-tennis player

Who, at Liverpool on Saturday, was defeated (7—5, 6—2) by Miss D. K. Douglass in the Northern Championships

England's Chance

Against England on Friday, Saturday, and Monday next, America will probably rely on the same two men, Ward and Little, for Wright's being unable to play is, unfortunately, a certainty. That being so, the result of America *v.* Australasia would appear to show that England's chance of retaining the Cup is a pretty healthy one. We may, perhaps, not have seen either Ward or Little at his very best yet, and we should be prepared to find Ward doing at least as well as he did last year; but still our people ought to manage a couple of Singles and the Double. The Double is to be played first on Friday at Wimbledon, and the two rounds of Singles follow on Saturday and Monday.

Miss Sutton's First Defeat

A good many people said last year that if Miss Douglass had not hurt her wrist on the Riviera, Miss Sutton would never have beaten her in the Championships, and, judging by what happened at the Northern meeting on Saturday, they appear to have been about right. The first set was close, but Miss Douglass always had the upper hand, and played, as she usually does, better and better as the game went on. As a matter of fact, Miss Sutton had all her work cut out to beat Mrs. Sterry in a previous round, and although she did it, she was completely exhausted by the effort. Mrs. Sterry, though she played a very clever game, and ran her about unmercifully, is not as good at the present time as Miss Douglass, so that on this form it was quite on the cards that Miss Douglass would reverse last year's Wimbledon result. Still, we must not make too sure that the same thing will happen in the Championships. There Miss Sutton will be standing out, whereas Miss Douglass, assuming that she gets

as far as the challenge round, will have, at least, two or three hard matches by the time she arrives there, and one needs to be thoroughly fit and fresh in order to withstand Miss Sutton's vigorous methods. The ladies' matches, therefore, will not be, by any means, the least entertaining part of the Championships. By the way, Mrs. Hillyard, though she was unlucky in being "outed" first round in so many events at the Northern, is playing really well this year.

Riseley's Turn

Smith and Riseley play each other so often in practice, and know each other's game so thoroughly, that it is generally more or less of a toss up which will win whenever they meet, though Smith is the one who manages to get home the more often of the two. However, on Saturday it was Riseley's turn, and what is more, he won the match by 3—1 after losing the first. Last week the wisdom of the selectors of the International Team in passing him over for Gore was doubted by THE BYSTANDER, and it really looks as if Riseley had been able to make an extra effort just to prove to them that they were wrong. The All-England Mixed Championship Cups also changed hands, Riseley with Miss Douglass being victorious over the holders, Smith and Miss Thomson, though only after a very tight match.

Varia

The entries for the Leicester Tournament on the last three days of next week promise to be something quite out of the common. If all goes well, the Dohertys, Hillyard, Cazalet, Ball-Greene, Gore, Wilding, Miss Douglass, Miss Sutton, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Hillyard, Miss Lowther, Miss Morton, and Miss Pinckney, will all be there. In fact, Leicester will form a sort of dress rehearsal for Wimbledon in the following week. The "Championship of Europe" Cup, for Men's Singles, which is a kind of movable feast, in that it is played for at a different meeting each year, will this time grace the Leicester programme. Hitherto it has usually been competed for at one or other of the Continental meetings.—The Oxford team to play against Cambridge has been chosen, and consists of the same team that was chosen for the opening match of the season with the exception that J. V. Nesbitt, the Rugger Blue, replaces O. Plunkett. W. A. Fleet (Magdalen) has also been tried in the course of the term; but Nesbitt, who has come on quite a lot in the last fortnight, was the final choice for the last place. The team is E. R. Paterson (Balliol), F. C. Uhl (St. John's), E. N. Crowder (Marcon's Hall), W. T. Pott (University), A. H. Lowe (New College), and J. V. Nesbitt (Christchurch), the first four being old Blues.—A. D. Prebble was quite the hero, as far as Doubles are concerned, of the East Croydon Meeting last week, for he won the Doubles with Ritchie, beating Gore and Caridia, and the Mixed Doubles with Miss Boothby, beating C. H. L. Cazalet and Miss "Shirley"—both noteworthy performances.

"The Bystander" Presentation Racket

At the Surbiton Lawn Tennis Tournament the "Mass" racket offered by THE BYSTANDER for Umpiring was presented to Mr. C. S. NESHAM, who, in the opinion of the committee, was adjudged to have been of most assistance during the course of the tournament in this usually thankless task.

Photo] **Rowing at the 'Varsities** [*Holder*

As the result of the May Week at Cambridge, which ended on Saturday, Third Trinity maintained their position as head of the river for the sixth year in succession. They were never seriously pressed. At Oxford, the 'Varsity pairs were won by H. C. Bucknall (Merton) and A. C. Gladstone (Christchurch). Their victory over the Magdalen pair, C. R. Cudmore and E. H. L. Southwell, in the final, was gained quite easily

FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

Costumes on the Racecourse

Though the Derby is a fortnight old, time will never eradicate the memory of the drive down. The Epsom road is no place for a motor-car of self-respecting character. The steady, slow crawl up to the Downs for a mile and a half is a thoroughly nerve-racking process, which is clinched by the break-neck climb, a finish up a chalky, rough, unmade road. By that time you are in thorough sympathy with the boiling condition of your car, and vow vows of a deep drastic character that the return journey shall be by by-ways and sideways—yea, though it take you half a day's journey out of the straight way.

The Derby crowd is really not appetising, and save only you be of th elect few of the Enclo sure, there's no escape.

The best-dressed women, as I recall them, wore neat, simple tailor frocks. A white Castlebar frieze looked particularly well, with collar and cuff facings of forget-me-not green velvet and high-crown sailor of coarse straw, bunched high at the left side with green and white striped ribbon, heavily bordered with black at either side. The *en tout cas* was also green, of a deeper but harmonising tone. A pretty girl, in a navy blue cloth, very simply made and trimmed fine black silk braid, elected to finish her costume with a shady black chip hat, trimmed with dull pink roses and blue *nattier* ribbon, the latter note of colour repeated in a lovely ostrich feather boa.

On dust cloaks, I could write a very treatise. The improvement alike in cut, quality, and design, is amazing. It is no longer imperative to escape at the earliest opportunity from these inevitable wraps. Indeed, there is, on the other hand, every inducement to cling to them as elegant adjuncts to the last possible moment. Almost every representative house has now its own particular silken material, as light as the proverbial feather, and with all the water-resisting properties of the non-porous mackintosh. These are built up in endless delightful ways, with subtle little touches of colour or embroidery, although really one of the most strikingly original models is simply adorned with close ruches of the same, and carries a highly becoming capuchin, similar to those worn by the Belgian peasant. As I prophesied quite early in the Spring, the dust wrap has inevitably taken a very leading place in the summer scheme of dress. As a matter of fact, it is scarcely possible to move a yard out of London lacking such protection. And, for the most part, one would gladly supplement the wrap with goggles. Oh! where is the man who will combat the dust fiend?

The latest thing in toques

A model in white crin, the *chêne* ribbon composing the bow in delicate peach-blossom tones, to which the roses are shaded, while the white aigrette is mingled with marabout, as is now decreed

(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)

The Gibson Girl Coiffure

Fashions, of a truth, die hard on this side the Channel. A procedure only equalled by the slowness with which the majority are frequently acquired. Now the Gibson Girl coiffure is a truly weird and marvellous arrangement, and about as inartistic as you could wish anything to be—viewed from the back. Apparently, what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve over, all energies being expended on the front, which rises mountains high, and which, at its

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most correct and Gibsonish, assumes a studied series of cross lines. An outrageous example that confronted me in the stalls the other evening was dressed aggressively to the right side, while from the left there projected an excrescence that looked like a fox's brush, dyed green. And yet the first conception of the coiffure was really attractive—exaggeration alone has spoilt it. No one, however, can have failed to remark the growing influence of the high Spanish, or, as it is now called, the Empire comb. This is paramount in importance, and, provided the coiffure be in artistic accord, really beautiful. Far before the Gibson affectation is the dainty Greuze dressing, placed midway up the head, a mass of delicately adjusted *poufs* and curls, met by a lightly waved pompadour.

Floral Fads in Millinery

With the exception of cherries and grapes, fruit as a decorative medium has never proved more than a tentative success. Cherries have arrived this season, however, with a fine determination, and have secured a firm field of favour. But the real furore of the hour, one that has secured its position as much by virtue of artistic appearance as originality, is for fruit flowers. All the Spring blossoms, of apple, cherry, and plum, are among the cherished acquisitions in the millinery world, while the *chic* is to use them as much *au naturel* as possible, that is, with the wood and foliage attached. Encouraged also by the attack on superstitious beliefs made by peacock feathers, the equally unlucky May-blossom is making a big bid for approbation. By the way, only the other day I learnt, for the first time, the true meaning of the old adage, "Ne'er cast a clout, till May is out." Apparently, this has nothing whatever to do with the month, as is the generally accepted reading, but refers wholly to the May bloom, which this year has waited for June to come in ere it came out, in all perfection. Nor within very recent recollection have wild flowers been employed with more conspicuous success. Great ox-eyed daisies, mingled with grasses and dyed wheat-ear, are charming on the coarse natural straws of the season, although the most notable results are achieved with the mingled wreaths of buttercups, cornflowers, forget-me-nots, and field greenery. As goes without saying, there is an immense amount of talented method amidst the apparent *negligé* manipulation of these wreaths, many of which hang quite low down about the shoulders.

Interesting to Collectors

Nearly every day this week a sale and exhibition of antiques is being held by the well-known connoisseur, Miss Falcke, of 4, Orchard Street. A visit there will fully repay all ardent collectors, who will find an exceptionally rare and choice display of "sewn" pictures and old Spanish altar cloths. There is also a quite unique selection of old bead purses and bags, and some perfectly beautiful and genuine old embroidered vests and coats of the Directoire period, together with several quaint Georgian dresses.

Then Miss Falcke holds probably the most extraordinary and covetable collection of embroidered muslins extant, which of themselves should prove sufficient attraction in view of the fact that these dainty trifles are now in the *mode*.

Miss Beasley Miss E. Young Mrs. Ward Miss Duncan Miss Gibson

The Welsh Ladies' Golfing Union at Radyr: The Glamorgan team, who won the Team Championship

Very exciting play was witnessed the other day in the final between the Glamorgan and Porthcawl teams of the Welsh Ladies' Golfing Union, and the former had a hard fight to retain the Silver Bowl which they also won last year

The "New Warings'"

AN UP-TO-DATE FURNISHING STORE

The opening of the "New Warings'" on Monday last, and continued through the current week, is an event of unique interest and importance. "The New Warings'" is a compendious phrase for describing, not only the vast structure recently erected in Oxford Street, but also the policy which combines with an unequalled historical record the economic efficiency and progressive methods of to-day. The "New Warings'" is something more than a removal, or than a concentration; it is even something more than a great expansion; it is the culminating stage in a development which has always been directed to one end—namely, the manufacture of sound, durable, and really artistic furniture and furnishing materials at prices hitherto only associated with goods of inferior quality and design. In their handsome new block near Oxford Circus, with about 8 acres of showrooms, this policy will find its latest and its most effective expression. All that a trained school of design, all that unrivalled manufacturing resources, all that a widespread organisation can do to cheapen artistic production and to bring the charm of a well-decorated home within everyone's reach, will be found done in the great galleries, the one hundred and fifty specimen rooms, and the forty new departments with which—to mention only a few features—Warings' start on this new stage of their enterprising and successful career.

This first week is a show week. No business at all is being done. No sales are being effected; no orders are being booked. The six days are, in fact, devoted to a great public exhibition of Warings' resources, capabilities, and policy. And, regarded as an exhibition simply, and ignoring any ulterior commercial purpose, it fully satisfies the most exacting expectation of the most fastidious taste. Nothing like it has ever been seen in any part of the world. There have been palatial buildings before, there have been fine displays of furniture before, but there has never been such a practical demonstration of the decorative possibilities of the home, to suit all tastes and all classes, before. Its chief note, perhaps, is its comprehensiveness. Here we have, set forth in such a way as he who runs may read, the very alphabet of furnishing, ranging from the simplest and least expensive examples up to those of a costly splendour such as only the millionaire can indulge in. There are cottages furnished for £100, and there are single rooms worth as much as £20,000. But through them all, from the Alpha of a severe economy to the Omega of a superb luxury, there runs the same note of a fine and regulated taste. This is the objective at which Warings' have always been aiming—to make "art in the home" a fact for the city clerk as well as for the merchant prince who employs him. If the new Building does not write out that fact in strong italics, it does nothing. Its *raison d'être*, accentuated in a hundred different ways, is to make the decoration and furnishing of the home one of the easiest things, and to make it easy where desired at a fixed, inclusive sum.

Next Monday, when the rush of invited guests is over, the firm will settle down to practical business, and one of the points on which they lay stress is that all the goods on sale will be marked in plain figures, and guaranteed. If within a period of three months, the purchaser finds the article he has bought unsatisfactory, he may exchange it for something else, or have his money returned. This, at least, is a proof of Warings' confidence in their own work. The prices will speak for themselves. When the visitor sees what he can get in the way of a complete house of furniture for, say, £200, he will be amazed. It is, of course, only by the employment of vast manufacturing resources and modern machinery that these competitive prices can be given to fine craftsmanship and attractive design.

As for the great showrooms, the restaurant for lunches, the ladies' cosy room, and the superb Georgian Rotunda, which will be one of the sights of London, the reader must go and see them for himself. It would require a volume to deal with even a fraction of the wonderful attractions of this great Palace of Commerce, with its two and a quarter miles of showrooms; all that a newspaper can do is to faintly outline a few of the points of interest, and the spirit that rules the whole vast enterprise.

WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK

The Decay of Home Life

England is fast losing her reputation of being the country pre-eminent for home life. More and more is the restlessness of the century, and the desire to see and do all there is to see and do, creeping over the daughters of our land; and when women set a fashion, it is well known that men, sometimes unwillingly, but always inevitably, must follow it. Hitherto we have been considered rather a slow-going, unenterprising people, content with our country villages and placid, smiling landscapes—not craving for the unusual or the wonderful—and viewing with a holy horror the unconcerned manner in which our American cousins cross the ocean, just to spend a few days in their next-door hemisphere. Of course, travel is in itself a delightful entertainment, but it seems a pity that with us, at any rate, the desire to see other places is weakening home ties and making us wanderers in our own country. The most handy spot to *leave* is now the ideal English home—not a place to live in, but a shelter over our heads—when we do not happen to be somewhere else. Flats, hotel accommodation, rooms, and even that most obnoxious proceeding, "living with a family," have come to be sought after with eagerness; and if we cannot regard our methods as wholly comfortable, they are, at least, good enough for while we are here.

With this slackening of ties comes also a lessened sense of responsibility, and a desire to evade those things in which we once took pride. A good housewife is a superfluity in an age when you don't have a house, or, if you *do*, spend most of your time in trying to get out of it. Thus women who are really unfitted for other things, who have no particular talents, no strong interests, or sympathies with public affairs, find themselves bereft of a large sphere of work and usefulness. The modern idea is to buy everything ready-made, to avoid objects that require much dusting or cleaning, to live in apartments so as to be without the trouble of servants, and generally to rid oneself of all occupations of a domestic order. Therefore, the women, and there are many, who cannot travel more than half the year, are perfectly miserable in their own land, and they mope.

What, for instance, can a couple of middle-aged gentlewomen of moderate means, average (that is not much) intelligence, and no very definite tastes, do but mope? Of course, there are plenty of occupations, but such people, under such circumstances, are not likely to find them. I am afraid if the art of living at home disappears amongst us, it will be a real blow to the nation, for character will slowly but surely deteriorate. I knew an old lady who supposed—of course, it was a fallacy—that she could never stay away from home over a night, or something would happen to a very favourite cat. Here is the other extreme, and, of course, people laughed at her; but she was a very nice old lady, nevertheless, and much happier than those restless folk who pitch their tents like gipsies, live in their boxes, and have not even cats to come home to. LADY PHYLLIS.

SUMMER DINNER DISHES

Anchovy Canapées

Take some slices of crumb of bread a quarter of an inch thick, cut these in pieces two and a half inches long, one and a half inches wide, and fry them in clarified butter till of a nice golden colour; when cold, spread these slices with anchovy butter. Steep some anchovies in cold water, drain, open, and trim them. Place 4 fillets of anchovies on each piece of bread, leaving 3 small spaces between the fillets; fill the first space with chopped parsley, and the third with chopped hard-boiled yolk of egg rubbed through the sieve.

Spinach Soup

One pound of spinach, 1 teaspoonful of salt, ½ oz. Robinson's prepared pearl barley, 1 oz. butter, 2 pints white stock, pepper, salt, ¼ pint cream or new milk. Wash and pick the spinach, throw it into a pan of boiling water, containing a little salt. When tender, drain and rub through a fine sieve. Melt the butter, stir in the barley till smooth, add the stock, boil ten minutes, add the spinach purée, season to taste, stir till it boils; lastly, add the cream, stir well, and serve at once. Poached eggs are very good with this soup. Serve in a separate dish, put one in each plate, and pour the soup over.

Fish Soufflé

Remove the bones and skin from one or two whiting or a sole; weigh ½ lb. of the fish, and pass it through a mincing machine, or rub it through a wire sieve. Put 1 oz. of butter into a saucepan, and mix it well with 2 oz. of flour, which has been dried and sifted, and pour in gradually rather less than half a pint of hot milk. Stir quickly until the sauce is smooth and thick; let it simmer for five minutes, then add two beaten eggs, and strain it into a basin. Add the fish to the sauce, season the mixture with salt and pepper. Butter a small china soufflé mould, and nearly fill it with the prepared fish; cover with buttered paper, and steam very gently for fifty minutes. Serve the soufflé in the mould with a little chopped parsley sprinkled over the top.

Filet de Bœuf à la Parisienne—Peas à la Française

Take a large, thick fillet of beef, trim it carefully, lard it, and place it in a deep pie-dish, containing the following marinade: A gill of oil, the juice of half a lemon, a sliced onion, a teaspoonful of sweet herbs, a spoonful of coarse brown sugar, a pinch of salt, and a little cayenne pepper. Let the beef steep in this mixture for four or five hours, turning it over every half hour, in order that it may become thoroughly flavoured, then wipe it carefully, and roast in the usual manner. When cooked dish it up, and garnish round the dish with neatly-piled green peas, which have been cooked in the following manner: Put 2 oz. of butter into a saucepan with a few sprigs of mint, half a peeled onion, and a couple of tablespoonfuls of milk or cream. Add the peas, cover the saucepan, and cook gently for half an hour or rather longer. When the peas are cooked, remove the onion and mint, and season with salt, pepper, a dust of white sugar, and serve round the fillet. EMILIA.

Absurd Notions About Supper

One wonders how long people will dispute over the wisdom of taking supper, or going to bed without it. To go to bed fasting is as much a cause of sleeplessness as that a heavy supper induces restlessness and a sort of sodden slumber from which one awakens quite unrefreshed. Common-sense suggests that it is better to satisfy the appetite with something light and digestible, than to upset the system with a too "solid" supper, or by taking none at all. A glass of hot milk or chocolate, and (according to Sir Francis Laking) some Currant Bread, eaten about thirty minutes before going to bed, is both sufficient and entirely suitable. The King's physician says that Currants contain more brain and body-building properties than almost any other food, and he strongly advises that plenty of these little dried grapes should be used daily. We anticipate that the intelligent housewife will readily appreciate the remarkable food value of Currants, and it is easy to foretell that to adults and children alike Currant Bread will be as welcome as it is nutritious and wholesome.